10/03/01 Shooting Script
12/05/01 BLUE Rev.
12/07/01 PINK Rev.
1/8/02 YELLOW Rev.

RING

by
Ehren Kruger

Revised Draft by
Scott Frank

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12/07/01
PINK Revisions

1 THRU 2 OMITTED 1 THRU 2

A2 BLACK A2

Suddenly the screen is filled with STATIC. Then ZHSSIP! The image quickly changes to a hair care commercial, gorgeous models prancing in slo-mo...

KATIE (O.S.)
I hate TV...

And now we PULL BACK TO REVEAL we're looking at:

3 A TELEVISION SCREEN 3

A3 ZHSSIP! Another channel change. And now we're looking at: a cooking show. A3

KATIE (O.S.)
Gives me headaches.

B3 ZHSSIP! Nick-at-Nite. ZHSIIP! And so on... B3

3 3

KATIE (O.S.)
I heard there's so much magnetic waves in the air because of TV's and telephones that we lose like ten times as many brain cells as we're supposed to.

D3 There's a perfume commercial on now. Perfect beauties emerge from a swimming pool. They get zapped -- ZHSIIP! D3

3 REVEAL INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM 3

A teenage refuge. Two girls in private school uniforms, cute KATIE and plain BECCA, 16, watch TV on floor pillows.

KATIE
Like all the molecules in our heads get all unstable. And the companies know, but they're not trying to stop it. It's like this big conspiracy...

BECCA
(slides her the remote)
You can pick something, I don't care--

KATIE
You have any idea how many electro-rays are passing through us every second?

BECCA
I got a better one. Have you heard about this videotape that kills you when you watch it?

Katie looks at her.

KATIE
What kind of tape?

BECCA
A tape, a regular tape. You rent it, I dunno. You start to play it and it's like somebody's nightmare. Then suddenly this woman comes on.
(MORE)

3 CONTINUED: 3

BECCA (cont'd)
Smiling at you, right? Seeing you. Through the screen.
(a macabre beat)
And as soon as it's over...your phone rings. Someone knows you watched it. And what they say is..."You will die in seven days."
(smiles)
And exactly seven days later...

KATIE
Who told you that?

BECCA
Somebody from Revere, I dunno--

KATIE
Who told you?

Becca sits up straight, frowning. Katie's tense.

BECCA
What's your problem?

KATIE
I watched it.

BECCA
It's a story, Katie--

KATIE
No-- me and Josh saw it, last weekend. We were with some friends of his--

BECCA
I thought you were with your parents--

KATIE
I wanted to tell you--

BECCA
You were with Josh all weekend?

KATIE
His friends rented this place, in the mountains. And one of them was trying to record this football game, but the reception was so bad...

BECCA
What're you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2) 3

KATIE
Listen! When we popped the tape, the game wasn't there. It was...

BECCA
What? What was it?

KATIE
(beat)
Something else.
(then)
We thought it was just some sick joke. Until the phone rang.

Becca quiets. Katie looks toward her TV, troubled:

3 CONTINUED: (3) 3

KATIE (cont'd)
Ever since, I haven't felt right. I keep seeing things... *

BECCA *
Like what? *

KATIE *
Pictures... in my head... *

BECCA
You're trying to scare me.

KATIE
It was a week ago...a week ago tonight...

Becca studies her, worried, but shaking her head:

BECCA
I'm not falling for it. No way.

She waits for reassurance. But none comes. Becca looks worried...as Katie swallows, eyes frightened...and then suddenly clutches her own throat, SPASMING and CHOKING--

KATIE
(gasping)
...help me...

--and falling into Becca's lap, eyes bugged out and laughing.

BECCA
You're drooling on me.

Becca shoves her off--

BECCA (cont'd)
Do your parents know you were up there with Josh?

KATIE
They think I was at Mina's.

BECCA
So... you guys, you know, do anything?

KATIE
(smiles)
Like what?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4) 3

BECCA
You did... didn't you?! You ho!
TELL ME!

Becca tackles her, rolling off the pillows as they both yelp and giggle and the PHONE RINGS. Sharp and shrill.

3 CONTINUED: (5) 3

Katie freezes. She wrests herself up, pale, staring at a clock (reading 10:00 PM)... as Becca slowly realizes:

3 CONTINUED: (6) 3

BECCA (cont'd)
There really is a tape...

KATIE
Yeah. There really is.

4 INT. KITCHEN 4

A portable phone RINGS on the counter. Becca and Katie tumble in, with trepidation. It TRILLS again. The two of them stand there watching it ring. And ring... and ring...

BECCA
This is so lame...

She reaches for the phone.

KATIE
Wait, don't--

But Becca's already there. She swallows...then grabs it--

BECCA
(extra cheerful)
Embry residence.

Silence. And then, her hands shaking, Becca hands the phone to Katie who looks at her: "Who is it?" Becca, scared, gives her an "I don't know." Katie slowly takes the phone...

KATIE
Hello?
(long beat, looks at Becca)
Hi, Mom... yeah, that was Becca. We were just about to go to bed. Okay, I will...
(to Becca)
My Mom says hi. She's glad you're here.

BECCA
Ask her where she keeps the Vicodin.

And with that, Becca heads back up the stairs.

4 CONTINUED: 4

KATIE
Okay. Okay. Yeah, yeah... I will.
(then)
No, I won't.
(then)
Bye, mom.

She hangs up. She stands there, shakes her head, then grabs a glass and heads for the fridge.

Suddenly we hear the sound of a soft POP behind her. Then o.s. WHITE NOISE. She looks off...

There's light FLICKERING in the doorway that connects the kitchen to the living room.

5 INT. LIVING ROOM 5

Katie steps in, frowning. Darkness save for the room's big-screen TV. Now on. Filled with STATIC.

KATIE
Quit being a bitch, Becca, where's the remote?

No answer from upstairs. Just muffled bedroom MTV.

Katie eyes the hissing screen nervously, then steps forward and shuts the power off at the source. She marches back--

6 INT. KITCHEN 6

--when there's the POP again. The HISS of STATIC behind her. She jumps up: the TV's on again in the living room.

KATIE
Becca! Quit it!

7 INT. LIVING ROOM 7

She edges in again, to face the big-screen video snow. Beneath the STATIC, a new sound rises. A faint, mewling tone. Scratchy, a sort of WHISPER-KEENING--

--and the sound of it makes Katie pale. She rushes forward, shoves a chair away and YANKS the TV cord from the wall.

The screen goes black.

Katie calms herself. Takes in the silence. And then becomes aware of just how silent the whole house is...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

KATIE
Becca?!

8 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL 8

Katie steps in slowly. Some shadows upstairs, no sounds.

KATIE
(nervously)
You hear me?!

9 INT. STAIRS/UPSTAIRS HALL 9

Katie ascends -- hearing the WHISPERY KEENING again, getting louder as she climbs. Trembling now, she rounds the banister to see her CLOSED BEDROOM DOOR.

--and sees the carpet beneath it is WET. Discolored and soaked like something's spilled out from within--

The scratchy KEEN is getting louder -- its source beyond the door. Katie trembles closer, footsteps SQUELCHING. Heart in her throat, she summons resolve. Takes a bold step closer and reaches for the knob--

--and thrusts open the door!--

10 INT. BEDROOM - UNKNOWN POV 10

--as ANGLE immediately RACES AT HER from across the room, FLYING for her terrified eyes as she readies a scream--

--that never comes.

CUT TO:

A10 BLACK A10

MAN'S VOICE
I'm devoted to fire...

We PAN OFF A DARK WALL TO:

A PRISON CELL

Where a man in prison garb, EDWARD, sits a table talking...

EDWARD
I love the way it spreads. How once it starts, you can't stop it. I get this... tingly feeling in my fingers whenever I'm around it.

(CONTINUED)

A10 CONTINUED: A10

And now we see that he's talking to RACHEL KELLER, 27, a knockout in a dark suit. A small TAPE RECORDER sits on the table between them. Bored, she bends a paperclip as he goes on...

EDWARD (cont'd)
I don't think I've ever felt more alive than the day I torched that retirement home on Whidbey Island.

RACHEL
I'm sure it was a real high point for the elven poeple you killed, too.

EDWARD
Somehow I feel like they're now all a part of me.

RACHEL
Uh-huh.

EDWARD
I'd bet that's how the fellow who did that nursery school last year feels. I be he feels the same way.

She looks at him.

EDWARD (cont'd)
You know he got eight with that one. Five of them kids. A week after the nursing home. The old and the new. The buds and the blooms. I guess you could say his work was the yin to my yang.

RACHEL
What are you trying to tell me, Edward? You set that one, too?

EDWARD
I'm just trying to give you insight. Isn't that what you're here for?

RACHEL
Well, now I'm thinking maybe you could give me some insight into the Chruch in Bellingham in 1999. Or the MacDonalds in Kennowick the same year. Or the laundromat last--

(CONTINUED)

A10 CONTINUED: (2) A10

EDWARD
They never pinned any of those fires on me. And they never will.

RACHEL
No, you were well away by the time anyone got there, whacking off in your station wagon to the chatter on the fireband. But that's not what I'm here to talk about--

EDWARD
Good. Because those fires, and the people in them are not a part of me.

RACHEL
Because you really didn't set them, or because you got away with them.

He stares at her. Doesn't answer. She stares back. Her PAGER sounds. She grabs it, looks at it, shuts it off.

EDWARD
Have to be somewhere?

RACHEL
He can wait. Okay, let's get back to--

EDWARD
Who's "he?"
(then)
Mr. Keller?

She doesn't answer. He looks at her hand. No ring.

EDWARD (cont'd)
Your kid.

He smiles in a way that makes her uncomfortable and she moves on. Quickly.

RACHEL
When you were fifteen. The school you were attending burned--

EDWARD
You have to smother fire. Do you know how come?

A10 CONTINUED: (3) A10

EDWARD (cont'd)
You have to smother fire, because fire breathes. Fire is human. I am dev-

RACHEL
I know: You're devoted to fire. I got that.

EDWARD
Am I boring you, Ms. Keller?

He smiles that smile at her again.

EDWARD (cont'd)
I'm giving you an Exclusive here. You know how many reporters would kill to be in your shoes?

RACHEL
How many?

He looks at her. She leans closer to him.

A10 CONTINUED: (4) A10

RACHEL (cont'd)
Thing is, Edward, you're not telling me anything some other mental shitbag hasn't said a million times before.

EDWARD
(smiles)
What is it you wanna know?

She looks at him. He sits back. Waits.

RACHEL
Well -- it's been said -- that arson is the crime of a coward.

And just like that, his smile evaporates.

EDWARD
Who said that?

RACHEL
They say that it's the crime of someone who doesn't have the courage or the interpersonal skills to confront his victim face-to-face.

EDWARD
Who says that?

Her PAGER SOUNDS AGAIN. Again she shuts it off, looks at it.

RACHEL
We'll finish this another time.

EDWARD
Sure.

He watches her move to the door.

EDWARD (cont'd)
My mother used to make me wait, too.

She looks back at him. Another smile. She gets the hell out of there.

CUT TO:

11 CLOSE ON A BLUE CRAYON 11

As it enters frame and we begin to PULLING BACK to...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

REVEAL A BLUE-GRAY SEASCAPE

A crayon drawing. As a child's hand adds a whirlpool in black, spiraling up from the depths, wider and wider to now...

REVEAL INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A BOY, 6, is alone at his desk. His matronly TEACHER, a woman in her sixties, her hair in a long braid, works on tomorrow's lesson plan. We hear A DOOR SLAM DOWN THE CORRIDOR and the teacher looks up at the boy...

11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

RACHEL (O.S.)
Listen, Harvey, you punctilious prick! *
You cannot tell me what to write! *
The fucking guy just wants attention *
and I'm not gonna give it to him. *

The teacher looks at the boy, but he keeps to his drawing. *

RACHEL (O.S.) (cont'd)
I'm changing the focus of the story *
to the people in the rest home... *

And now the boy looks up at his teacher. *

RACHEL (O.S.) (cont'd)
You will not send someone else to *
talk to him, or I'll call Jameson *
and--
(then)
Harvey-- do not touch my column!
Shit!

And now the door bangs open to reveal Rachel. She drops her cellphone into her purse and smiles serenely at the boy.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Hey.

AIDAN
Hey.

He starts to get his things together.

RACHEL
Sorry, I'm late.

TEACHER
No worries.

AIDAN
I'll wait in the car.

Rachel looks at him, then sees the teacher getting up from her desk. Uh-oh. The older woman smiles.

TEACHER
Have you got a moment, Ms. Keller?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3) 11

RACHEL
Uh, sure. Call me Rachel.

She watches the kid quietly march out the room. The teacher gestures to one of the kid sized desks.

TEACHER
Please. Sit down.

Rachel starts to sit at the desk, but decides she doesn't want to regress that far and sits on top instead.

TEACHER (cont'd)
He's certainly very independent, isn't he?

RACHEL
Yeah. He... certainly is.

TEACHER
I never have to tell him to do anything.

RACHEL
Well, if that's a problem, you'd be the first teacher in history to say so.

Rachel chuckles at her own joke, but the teacher just gives her a polite smile.

TEACHER
No, it's not a problem. Nor I suppose is it a problem that he spends all his free time alone at his desk, drawing. Or that he doesn't talk to the other kids...

Rachel looks at the teacher.

TEACHER (cont'd)
Aidan just seems more comfortable being by himself.

RACHEL
Well, sooner or later in life, I think that's a good skill to have.

Another polite smile. A now very self-conscious Rachel looks around the room.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4) 11

TEACHER
Ms. Keller--

RACHEL
Rachel.

TEACHER
I know that Aidan recently lost his cousin--

RACHEL
Yes, and I'm working on finding him some day care. It's just that right now I'm kinda--

TEACHER
That's not what I meant. By all means, take your time.
(then)
I know they were very close. Aidan and his cousin.

RACHEL
He stayed with her a few times a week.

TEACHER
Has he talked to you about her death?

RACHEL
Like you said, he's not the talkative type.

TEACHER
That doesn't mean he has nothing to say.

RACHEL
(beat)
He knows I'm there.

TEACHER
Yes, I'm sure he does, but he may be expressing himself in... other ways.
(moves to her desk)
I'd like to show you something...

She grabs a stack of papers from her desk, carries them back to Rachel, lays them out for her. They're a child's depictions of a SLEEPING GIRL, in a bed of flowers, in a shimmering lake, in a cloudscape in the sky.

11 CONTINUED: (5) 11

RACHEL
That's his cousin. That's Katie.

She looks at them, clearly saddened.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Looks like she's sleeping.
(thoughtful)
Huh...

TEACHER
Ms. Keller, I'm bothered by these drawings.

Rachel looks up at the teacher. Smiles.

RACHEL
Listen, I appreciate your concern, but two nights ago he lost his best friend. He's just trying to deal with it.

She slips off the desk.

TEACHER
I understand, but the pictures--

RACHEL
Are just Aidan's way of working it out. Of expressing himself, like you said.

She starts for the door now...

RACHEL (cont'd)
He'll be okay.

TEACHER
(looking at the pictures, flat)
You say she died two nights ago.

Rachel pauses in the doorway.

RACHEL
That's right.

The teacher taps the drawings.

TEACHER
Aidan drew these last week.

11 CONTINUED: (6) 11

Rachel freezes. And off her look...

12 INT. RACHEL'S CAR - DAY 12

As Aidan sits quietly in the passenger seat, fiddling with a laminated card on a chain that reads PRESS. Rachel gets in the car and looks at him. He looks up at her.

AIDAN
What?

RACHEL
(beat)
Nothing.

She then turns and starts the car.

13 INT. SEATTLE ROWHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 13

Rachel's in t-shirt and panties, searching her closet.

RACHEL
Hey, have you seen my black church dress anywhere?! Aidan?

14 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - LIVING ROOM 14

A small townhome, middle-class clutter. Rachel descends to check a coat closet at the base of the stairs--

RACHEL
Have you seen my...

--and then turns to see little Aidan standing on a chair in front of a mirror tying his own tie. Reflected in the mirror, we see...

RACHEL (cont'd)
...black dress... *

A BLACK DRESS draped over the couch, beside a string of pearls and a pair of black heels. She stops short.

AIDAN
It's a little wrinkled.

RACHEL
It's... fine.

She looks at him, then comes over and pulls it over her head.

14 CONTINUED: 14

RACHEL (cont'd)
Zip me up?

He finishes knotting his tie and comes over zips up the back.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Thanks.

15 EXT. SEATTLE SUBURBS - DUSK 15

A single-family development, grassy lawns, setting sun. One house has a cluster of cars, GUESTS in black entering. Among them are Rachel and Aidan.

16 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DUSK 16

A post-funeral reception. Rachel and Aidan join the milling MOURNERS. A card table bears bouquets of flowers, beside a framed photo of "Katie Embry."

Rachel helps Aidan set his carnation by her niece's picture. He shakes off her assistance, does it himself.

17 INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK 17

Where the grieving parents, RUTH and her HUSBAND (40's), are comforted by friends. The Husband sits in a leather chair staring off into space. Rachel approaches, passing--

MOURNER #1 (O.S.)
What, a stroke? Kids don't have strokes unless they're on drugs--

MOURNER #2 (O.S.)
Shh. Not here--

MOURNER #1 (O.S.)
So then why the closed coffin, if a stroke's all it was. Why weren't we allowed to see her?--

Rachel meets the gossippers' eyes, silencing them. Then reaches Ruth, who opens arms at the sight of her--

RACHEL
Ruthie...

--and accepts her sister's embrace. They hold each other for a moment, then...

17 CONTINUED: 17

RUTH
This morning, I hear the alarm going off in her room, the one she'd always sleep through, sounds like the ocean? It's going on and on and I'm lying there in my bed yelling the same damn thing I do every morning: "You better get up, Katie or you're gonna be late for school." I even start to go down and make her breakfast, but when I walked by her room, saw her bed all made and... and...

Ruth crumbles in Rachel's arms.

17 CONTINUED: (2) 17

RACHEL
I'm so sorry, Ruthie...

Rachel looks at Ruth's husband in the leather chair, his expression forlorn. He smiles.

DAVE
She always had trouble waking up.

RACHEL
You all right, Dave?

He looks at her a moment, smiles again, too broadly.

DAVE
Oh yeah. I'm fine.
(then, chipper)
How are you?

18 INT. KITCHEN - SAME 18

Aidan shuffles past some KIDS, surveys the refreshment table. A freckled GIRL eats cookies.

COOKIE GIRL
I'm double-jointed, wanna see?

She bends her elbow to and fro. Aidan stares blankly.

19 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME 19

As Ruth looks at her husband, leads Rachel away from the group...

RUTH
He sleeps all day. He doesn't move. It's too much for him...
(then)
It doesn't make any sense, Rachel.

RACHEL
Do they know what happened?

RUTH
The doctor said her heart "just stopped." His words.

19 CONTINUED: 19

Ruth just shakes her head, looks at her sister a moment.

RUTH (cont'd)
I spent four hours on the internet, and couldn't find one single case of a sixteen year old girl's heart just stopping. I spoke to three different doctors. And not one of them could explain to me exactly what happened to my daughter. At least not to my satisfaction.

Rachel just nods. Ruth looks at her. *

RUTH (cont'd)
She was close with you.

RACHEL
And Aidan.

RUTH
She confided in <u>you.</u>

Rachel looks at her sister, understands what she's getting at.

RACHEL
Yes, but... she never said anything. Nothing that would help explain what happened.

RUTH
Well, I know what didn't happen. I * know her heart didn't "just stop." *

20 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL - SAME 20 *

Empty, shades drawn, away from the gathering. Aidan steps in, regards the staircase. Near darkness above.

21 OMITTED 21

22 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL 22

The closed door to Katie's bedroom is at hall's end. Aidan mounts the steps and moves closer.

At the door, the carpet underfoot is discolored, like from a widespread dirty-water stain.

His little hand grasps the doorknob. Turns.

23 INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM 23

Darkness. Rock posters, beauty mags, stuffed animals. And on a messy desk, the 19-inch TV.

Aidan regards its black reflective screen. He frowns slightly, steps closer.

With the hall's dim-light, he reflects in the TV screen. Behind him, there's a BLUR, an abstract wisp of white. Aidan spins. But behind him is only a white-curtained window. The curtains blow slightly; the window ajar--

--but as he turns back to the TV, ANOTHER FIGURE now reflects, suddenly blocking the door!--

RACHEL
Aidan!

She comes in, dropping to his level--

RACHEL (cont'd)
What're you doing in here?

He doesn't answer.

RACHEL (cont'd)
C'mon. You shouldn't be in her room.

AIDAN
It's not her room anymore.

As he leaves, she surveys the darkness. On the desk, there's a photo of happy Katie with her arms around a laughing Aidan.

Rachel lifts it, causing a spiral NOTEBOOK to fall over. The book's cover-graphic shows sunbathing models. Someone's pen-scratched long black "hair" over their faces.

24 EXT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT 24

Rachel steps onto the porch, takes out a cigarette. But she's not alone in the backyard--

GIRL #1
...they don't put you in booties and a straight jacket if you're just... "freaked out."

--as Rachel's attention is drawn to where two TEENAGE GIRLS, dressed up for the funeral, stand sharing a smoke--

GIRL #1 (cont'd)
Something scared the shit out of her...

RACHEL (O.S.) *
Any idea what that might've been? *

They both turn now as Rachel steps out onto the patio.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Somebody got a light? *

One of the girls hands her a bic.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Thanks.

She lights up, looks from one girl to the other.

24 CONTINUED: 24

RACHEL (cont'd) *
I remember, I was your age, me and *
my girlfriend used to sneak up to my
room, get high. You think maybe
they could've been--

VOICE
It's not about that.

And now they all turn to where a BOY -- sixteen, dressed in an ill-fitting black suit, his tie undone, sits on the wall. White socks showing. He blows a smoke ring, then...

BOY
It's about the tape.

GIRL #1
Kellan, don't even...

RACHEL
What tape?

BOY
One that kills you if you watch it.

24 CONTINUED: (2) 24

GIRL #1
Oh, please...

Rachel looks at the kid a moment, sits down next to him.

RACHEL
What's on the tape?

BOY
I haven't seen it.
(then)
Obviously.

RACHEL
But you've heard about it.

GIRL #2
(skeptical)
It's some lady. In a mirror or something. She stares at you.

RACHEL
Stares at you.

GIRL #2
(rolls her eyes)
Exactly.

BOY
Then the phone rings.

They all look at him. He blows a smoke ring, then another right behind it, one floating inside the other, then...

BOY (cont'd)
And when you answer it, this voice whispers that you're gonna die.
(then)
In a week.

He nods.

GIRL #1
And then aliens come and...

GIRL #2
...take out your liver.

GIRL #1
...and look up your butt.

They laugh. Rachel smiles along with them. Funny. Then--

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3) 24

RACHEL
But Katie told you that she saw this tape?

GIRL #2
Not Katie. I heard it from her boyf--

GIRL #1
(gives her a hard look)
Sarah.

RACHEL
You heard it from who?

Rachel smiles at the girl. It's okay.

GIRL #2
She was dating this guy Josh. He went to Revere. It was kind of a secret.

GIRL #1
(shakes her head)
Kind of.

RACHEL
Where's he? Josh. Is he here?

And now The Boy chuckles. The girls trade another look.

24 CONTINUED: (4) 24

BOY
He's dead.

The girls look at him shock.

GIRL #1
What?

RACHEL
What happened?

BOY
Supposedly, he killed himself. On the same night as Katie died.

GIRL #2
How do you know?

BOY
While you girls are busy going out with Seniors and losers from Junior College...
(looks at Rachel)
I read the newspaper.

25 INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT 25

As Rachel drops a CARE BEAR video and a pile of candy on the counter. She sees Aidan's head, peeking at the haul. *

RACHEL *
You've seen it, haven't you. *

AIDAN *
I can't wait to see it again. *

She watches as he walks off into the store, checks out the displays. She looks around, at the ENDLESS RACKS OF VIDEO. So many tapes. This gets her thinking. * * *

VOICE *
No babysitter, huh? *

She turns as the lanky, tattooed CLERK, 24, with a creative array of piercings starts to ring up her purchase. He looks at the Care Bears tape... * * *

CLERK *
"Clan of the Care Bares." Very nice. *
A rare example of a sequel surpassing the original. *

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

Rachel smiles, watches the guy a moment, then casually asks... *

RACHEL
I heard these kids, these teenagers *
talking about a videotape. *

CLERK
Uh-huh.

RACHEL
Not a... normal one.

CLERK
(glances at her) *
Which not-normal one was it? One
where the guy cuts his own arm off?
Or the Phillipino one -- what's it
called -- "The Living Head." Those
are both pretty big right now...

ON AIDAN *

As he walks the kid section past tapes for "Sesame Street," *
"The Barney Movie" and "Blues Clues" we hear...

RACHEL (O.S.) *
The one that kills you. *

The clerk looks up at her, nods. *

CLERK
That's new.

RACHEL *
As if you'd rent out a movie that'd *
kill your customers.

CLERK *
Are you kidding? We wouldn't be
able to keep it in the store.

26 EXT. SEATTLE APARTMENT HOUSE 26

A SCREAMING MOTORCYCLE speeds by...

27 OMITTED 27 *
THRU THRU
A27 A27

28 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 28 *

Rachel's got some newspaper back issues on a table. She spreads out the Saturday, May 12th Metro section.

She finds an article labeled "Back Bay Teen Dies in High-Rise Fall." She scans it...Josh Turandot, senior at Revere High, about 10 p.m., fatal head injury, ruled suicide."

An article on the opposite page then catches her eye. "One-Car Accident Kills Two -- Police Suspect Crash Intentional." She scans this one...Scott Conroy and Stacy Nguyen, seniors at Revere High. Vehicle veered off roadway...fatal head injuries...forced highway closure at 10 p.m."

RACHEL
Four of them.

She goes back and looks at the second article... we focus on the "FORCED HIGHWAY CLOSURE AT 10 p.m...

RACHEL (cont'd)
At ten o'clock.

29 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY 29

Boston Globe. Metro desk. Bustling. Rachel's at her messy desk, with the "teen death" articles, on the phone--

RACHEL
Time of death, Wade, that's all I want to know. The name's Katie Embry -- pull the report, read the time. That's okay-- I'll hold.

She sits there a moment. A RED PENCIL drops onto the desk in front of her and she looks up at A HEAVYSET MAN with a pair of bifocals resting on his forehead.

MAN
"Punctilious Prick?"

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

She smiles at Harvey, her editor.

RACHEL
Nice alliteration, huh?

HARVEY
You're fired.

RACHEL
No, I'm not.

HARVEY
Yes. You are.

RACHEL
Of course, I'm not. I'm cooking too good a story.

HARVEY
Except that you're not supposed to be cooking anything. You're supposed to be writing a piece on the market fire.

She just looks at him.

HARVEY (cont'd)
What is it?

RACHEL
Four kids died on the same night.

HARVEY
(beat)
And?

RACHEL
Whatta you mean "and?" This is huge. This is drugs. This is sex. Dead bodies-- all the stuff you like, Harvey in one story.

He looks back at her a moment.

HARVEY
You are so fired.

RACHEL
(into the phone)
Wade-- yeah, I'm here...

She shoos the editor away who shakes his head and walks off.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2) 29

RACHEL (cont'd)
What's the time of death?

She tenses, getting her answer. On a notepad, beneath "D.O.A. 10 P.M: Josh, Scott, Stacy"...she now writes..."KATIE."

30 EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 30

As the front door opens and we see Rachel's brother-in-law, dressed in a dark suit.

RACHEL
Hi, Dave.

DAVE
(cheerful)
Hi. Come on in.

He widens the door and moves away.

31 INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - SAME 31

As Dave sits down in a chair by the window, his briefcase unopened on the floor beside him. He stares at his own reflection in the dark glass.

RACHEL
Is Ruth home?

DAVE
Upstairs.

32 INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 32

As Rachel comes into the room and turns on the light. She pokes around the desk. Moves to the TV. Crouches down and opens A DRAWER OF VIDEOTAPES. Teen sex comedies, cartoons, concert videos. Nothing amiss.

Rachel shuts the drawer, foiled. She surveys the room, stares blankly into the black screen of the TV.

She moves to a wall calendar marked with silver pen. Some hearts are drawn on the weekend of May 4th. A tear-receipt is taped below, from a drug store's photo shop. She takes the receipt when--

RUTH
Rachel?

She turns and sees her sister in the doorway.

RUTH (cont'd)
I didn't know you were here.

RACHEL
Dave let me in.

32 CONTINUED: 32

RUTH
I guess I should cart all this stuff away.

Rachel turns away from her sister, looks at the calendar.

RACHEL
Did you know Katie had a boyfriend at another school?

RUTH
(beat)
No.

RACHEL
He killed himself last week. On the same night as Katie.

Ruth doesn't say anything.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Two other kids from Josh's school also died. On the same night.

RUTH
What are you saying?

RACHEL
I don't know, Ruth. Could she have been into something you didn't know about?

RUTH
Like what?

Rachel doesn't answer.

32 CONTINUED: (2) 32

RUTH (cont'd)
You don't think I haven't heard people talking? About drugs and whatnot? But you and I both know that's not Katie.

RACHEL
No. It wasn't.
(then)
That was you and me.
(then)
Mostly me.

RUTH
Katie would have told me. She told me everything.

RACHEL
She didn't tell you about her boyfriend.

Ruth looks at Rachel a moment, her eyes growing cold.

RUTH
I was involved with my child.

Boom. This gets Rachel's attention.

RUTH (cont'd)
I saw my child every day. I knew her. I talked to her. About everything.

RACHEL
Ruth, I'm not--

RUTH
I SAW HER!

Rachel stops. Ruth turns to the closet, her voice small...

RUTH (cont'd)
She was right here...

She then slides open the closet--

TO REVEAL KATIE'S CORPSE

huddled in the corner, hands raised and mouth open -- frozen in rictus -- and her face bizarrely disfigured as if BLURRED, features SWERVED like from some paralytic attack!

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3) 32

ON FULL SCENE

Rachel watches Ruth starting to tremble -- facing the empty closet. Whatever Ruth's seeing isn't really there.

RACHEL
Ruthie...

Rachel steps to embrace her sister. Ruth shakes.

RUTH
Her face--

She pushes away from Rachel.

RUTH (cont'd)
Something HAPPENED to her. Someone did something to her...

RACHEL
I believe you.

Rachel reaches out and pulls her sister back into her arms.

RUTH (O.S.)
Oh, God...her face...

33 EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - DAY 33

On a sidewalk, Rachel opens an envelope of "Next-Day" developed photos. She flips through them...

RUTH (V.O.)
She had the sweetest face...

A shot of two high-schoolers (JOSH and SCOTT) by a car packed for a road trip. A shot of Katie hugging another girl (STACY) at a Massachusetts highway rest stop.

A shot of Katie and Josh vamping before a sign that reads "Shelter Mountain Inn & Resort."

Rachel regards this photo for a moment, then moves on....

To several nighttime shots of Katie & Josh, Stacy & Scott inside a rustic-looking hotel room.

33 CONTINUED: 33

Making faces at the camera. A close-up of Katie in Josh's arms, both with Ecstasy on their tongues.

Rachel smiles sadly, then pulls the last picture...

A daylight shot of all four smiling teens standing before a cabin, with "12" above its door. Their faces are BLURRED in the photo, however. And only their faces. All four.

Rachel runs a finger across the smiling blurs...

A33 EXT. SEATTLE OUTSKIRTS - DAY A33

Rachel's Camry cruises a highway. Leaving town.

34 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 34

Into the western part of the state, green oaks flanking the roadway with verdant canopy. Low mountains ahead...

35 EXT. SHELTER MOUNTAIN INN - DAY 35

Rachel's Camry pulls past the entry-sign seen in one of Katie's photos. The sign notes "Horseback Riding, Hiking, Swimming & Jacuzzi. Open Year-Round." Green oaks and red Japanese maples. A lake beyond.

36 EXT. FULL-SCREEN PHOTO OF FOUR TEENS 36

With the blurred faces, standing before Cabin #12. As the photo is lowered--

TO REVEAL CABIN #12

A rustic A-frame on a forested hillside. Other cabins are on the grounds, all secluded, most nearer the lake.

Rachel watches as a MAID exits, locking up, wheeling a towel-cart up a paved path.

37 EXT. BACK OF CABIN 37

Wooden walls, with wide windows overlooking the hillside. A Japanese maple near the window; the lake far beyond.

A cabin window here is ajar, with a screen protecting it. Rachel looks around. No one else in view. She gets fingers under the screen...and gives a tug.

38 INT. CABIN #12 38

Rachel climbs in. There's a living area, kitchenette, and loft bedroom. Wooden floors, thin rugs, a vase filled with decorative marbles. A TV and VCR before a couch.

Rachel kneels by the VCR. No tape inside. She scans tables and a bookshelf and sits on the couch. Points the remote at the TV and clicks on--

--as STATIC BLARES! Rachel swiftly lowers the volume, flipping channels. Static. More static. More static--

A38 --and then a public access religious show. A38

B38 Next, Jeopardy. B38

C38 Next, a Nature show on whales. Reception's fuzzy. C38

38 Rachel picks up a GUEST JOURNAL on the table. The laminated cover reads "Shelter Mountain. Inn, Est. 1980" and has history info. 38

She flips through handwritten pages. *

DIFFERENT VOICES *
"The setting is perfect. We had a *
perfect anniversary. Thank you... *
Tom and Marsha Walper... *
(another) *
"Another perfect birthday. Sincerely, *
John and Shannon-- *
(another) *
--"The quiet was perfect. I'll send *
you a copy of the novel... if it's *
ever published. Ted Samuels. *

She finds a final page -- in teen handwriting and silver pen... *

KID'S VOICE *
"We got perfectly fucked up then got *
perfectly naked in the hot tub. *
Thank you so much. The Brady's. *

RACHEL
(along with the voice) *
"P.S. Get a fucking a satellite. *

She shakes her head, tosses the book on the coffee table.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

RACHEL (cont'd)
Nice.

39 INT. INN OFFICE - DUSK 39

A woodsy reception desk fronts a back room. A 40-ish MAN in flannel shuffles A DECK OF CARDS as Rachel enters.

RACHEL
Hi.

He fans the deck on the counter.

INNKEEPER
Pick a card. Any card. Go ahead.

39 CONTINUED: 39

She takes a card, looks at it. QUEEN OF SPADES. He holds out the deck, turns his head.

INNKEEPER (cont'd)
Now put it back. Don't let me see it.

She inserts the card into the deck. He shuffles it with a flourish, winks at her, shuffles it again. Then turns over the top card. A THREE OF HEARTS.

INNKEEPER (cont'd)
That your card?

RACHEL
No.

INNKEEPER
Damn.

He shuffles again, looks at her.

RACHEL
I was wondering if you'd remember someone. From over week ago.

INNKEEPER
Was there a problem?

He holds up an ACE CLUBS. She shakes her head.

RACHEL
It's my niece. She... she sorta ran out on her parents. Her boyfriend, another couple, I think they stayed here a night or so--

Rachel pulls her photos of the four teens.

INNKEEPER
They were in 12.

He looks at Rachel, shuffles the cards.

INNKEEPER (cont'd)
They didn't pay.

RACHEL
Oh?

39 CONTINUED: (2) 39

INNKEEPER
They had a number of complaints. About the TV, mainly. The reception's never good here--

RACHEL
I imagine the mountains, it isn't.

INNKEEPER
That's why we put the VCR's in the rooms last year.

He points behind Rachel, to a low bookshelf by the entry door. It's full of videotapes.

RACHEL
Quite a selection.

INNKEEPER
You'd be surprised what people leave behind.

RACHEL
Uh-huh...

INNKEEPER
Anyway, they didn't pay. Kids like that, sometimes don't.

Rachel's still staring at the shelf...where every tape has a proper label but one. A black tape in a white sleeve. With an etching on the side...of a bordered circle. A "ring."

INNKEEPER (cont'd)
Miss?

RACHEL
You know, I'm a little tired. Maybe I'll take a nap before I drive back.

Rachel slides a credit card to the man.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I'll take Cabin twelve.

He nods, takes her credit card into the back room. Rachel backs to the video bookshelf. She snatches up the "ring" tape. Pockets it when...

INNKEEPER
Hey--

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3) 39

She spins around. Caught. He holds up a SEVEN OF SPADES.

39 CONTINUED: (4) 39

INNKEEPER (cont'd)
This is your card, right?

RACHEL
(smiles)
That's it.

A40 EXT. CABIN #12 - DUSK A40

Sun begins to set behind Japanese maple.

40 INT. CABIN #12 - DUSK 40

A BLACK TV SCREEN fills frame. Silent and stoic.

Rachel sits on the couch, regarding the tape in her hands. Plain black tape, plain white sleeve.

Just the etched "ring" on its spine to suggest it's something other than blank.

Shadows lengthen in the room. Rachel glances to the window. The sun has almost set. Last vestiges of light FLARE through the branches of the maple outside.

She stares out for a long moment.

Then pulls the tape from its sleeve.

She kneels at the TV and inserts it in the VCR. She turns on the TV: STATIC fills the screen.

She glances to the window, just as the sun dips from view. The branch-shadows behind her fade.

Rachel looks back to the snowy screen...and hits "Play." The screen goes black.

A low hum from the VCR as the tape turns.

The screen stays black.

V40 Then WOBBLES, as if losing vertical and horizontal hold. V40
A streak of lost pixels rolls sideways--

And then re-balances. Black screen.

Swiftly, another WOBBLE. This time, a hiccup of SOUND: like crashing WAVES. A beat of silent blackness -- and then a swerving, scrolling image -- an ECLIPSE -- a black orb covering a white moon, casting a bright "ring"--

(CONTINUED)

V40 CONTINUED: V40

--which wavers as pixels slide and JAG, as if trying to "tune in" the image--

(CONTINUED)

V40 CONTINUED: (2) V40

ON FULL SCREEN

As it goes black.

Silence.

And with a BUZZING SEAR, the "ring" image SLASHES back. Buzz. Wobble. Hiss. Image locks -- on steady pictures:

A RED WOODEN LADDER leans against a rustic wall. A strange LOW MOAN on the audio track. Undulating...

Then a TERRIFYING FAST-MOTION SHUDDER: something spasms under black plastic. Jarring nails-on-chalkboard SOUNDS--

FULL-SCREEN STATIC. The static rolls and swells...as if liquid. A FLY feels its way across a screen-corner in SILHOUETTE.

Suddenly, the BLACK SPASMING--

Then a DARK ANIMAL EYE stares through a keyhole--

More SPASMS, too fast to identify the source--

A VIDEO WOBBLE shakes across frame, a lightning-sear of stuttered pixels before IMAGE RESETS--

A BRIGHT WHITE HOSPITAL ROOM. A single chair in room's center. The MOAN resumes...

...and continues under a shot of OBSCURE SHAPES, lying on a sloping nighttime beach. Surf washes, moving them slightly--

--as a FLASH OF LIGHT reveals the shapes to be beached CARCASSES OF UNKNOWN ANIMALS--

--then suddenly pixels slide and jag with a FLASH CUT of the eclipse -- the moan track disappears as--

BLACKNESS. As COMB TEETH rip through, streaking LIGHT--

--OVEREXPOSING a gaping MOUTH with a thin, hairy UMBILICAL emerging from within.

The freakish SPASMING again--

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN AN OVAL MIRROR, IN A WHITE GOWN. She calmly brushes her hair. The undulating MOAN is there.

(CONTINUED)

V40 CONTINUED: (3) V40

JUMP CUT: The MIRROR MOVES.Switches position to the wall's other end, reflecting the woman, now in the distance, walking away into shadow--

--then JUMPS BACK. The seated woman (as before) half-glances over her shoulder. Smiles into the mirror like she's smiling directly at the viewer.

A SUDDEN JOLT: SCRAPING METAL as GRIDS and DOTS appear. An EYECHART with letters turned backwards.

FLASH CUT: DROPLETS OF WATER trickle toward center-frame, congealing into a PUDDLE.

FLASH CUT: The SPED-UP SPASMS behind black plastic.

A lone tree in a forest is ON FIRE. BOLD, RED FLAMES.A surrealist-touch to the image, the foliage translucent.Distorted MOANING constant...

FLASHCUT: Roiling, foamy WHITE WATER, turning slowly BLOOD RED.

FLASHCUT: the keyhole EYE.

FLASHCUT: The FAST-MOTION SPASMS, now BATTERING the frame, causing the image itself to bounce and shake.

And as the IMAGE LOSES HOLD, slipping with SEARS of STATIC, with the UNDULATING MOANS and SHRILL BARKS AND SCRAPES building to a crescendo--

--and an IMAGE of a BRIGHT WHITE MOON, high in a pitch black sky. (The sound of DISTANT WAVES and a faint, scratchy KEENING accompanies this image -- the same whispers heard beyond the door before Katie's death.)

A black orb slowly SLIDES ACROSS it -- as ANGLE closes in. And as it fully ECLIPSES it -- a RING OF LIGHT shines a "halo" outline--

--the image loses hold, jarring and skidding and then--

--becoming an image of a STONE MOUND in a wooded clearing. The whisper-keening continues for three seconds...

...until the screen jags to WHITE NOISE. Tape's over.

A41 ANGLE ON RACHEL A41

She stares at the screen, breathless.

(CONTINUED)

A41 CONTINUED: A41

The room's grown totally dark. She swallows, takes a deep breath and reaches to shut off the TV.

The screen goes black -- with a blurred reflection of Rachel, and a FIGURE IN WHITE far behind her, RECEDING into darkness--

Rachel spins! But there's no one there.

Just a shadowy room. She settles, shutting her eyes...

AS THE PHONE RINGS

Rachel jumps, goes dead pale.

It TRILLS once. Twice. Three times.

Rachel stands shakily. She steps to the phone...and lifts it from the cradle. Puts to her ear...

...and hears the SOUNDS of distant waves, a faint and raspy high-pitched WHISPER-KEENING, and then...

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
Seven... Days.

She slams down the phone.

41 EXT. CABIN #12 - NIGHT 41

Rachel darts outside, spinning for signs of someone -- anyone -- watching her. But the night's still.

She's breathing hard. Her eyes are searching.

She's all alone.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

42 RAIN STREAKS A WINDOWSILL 42

Dark clouds outside; a downpour. ANGLE reveals...

...a sandwich on a counter. Aidan places lunch meat, cheese and pickles, folds and wraps it in plastic. Adds it to a well-ordered lunch box, beside a juice box, fruit and snack chips. A doorbell RINGS.

AIDAN
(calls off)
I'm going to school!

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

He gets no response.

43 INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY 43

The front door shuts O.S.

A disheveled desk, file cabinets, papers. An unmade bed -- a digital camera amidst news scraps of the four teen deaths. A phone nearby.

Rachel's on the bed, half-dressed and sleepless.

She holds the "ring" videotape, fixated.

44 EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY 44

A YOUNG MOTHER walks three KIDS under an umbrella. Aidan follows with his own umbrella, but slows and falls behind, tightening a backpack strap.

He gets it right, resumes walking to catch up...and almost walks into a pair of ADULT LEGS.

He peers up, to see a MAN (late 20's) standing there, also under an umbrella. They regard one another for a moment.

Aidan walks around him and on.

A title graphic appears -- "DAY ONE."

45 INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - DAY 45

Rachel, in an "Emerson College" shirt, opens her door to reveal the same man. NOAH CLAY, handsome, rumpled...tired.

RACHEL
Thank you. I really needed to--

NOAH *
(motioning with his hand) *
Not yet. *

He steps right past her. Rachel takes a beat, resets herself. * Follows.

In the kitchen, Noah's searching the cupboards--

RACHEL
Look, I know you're not exactly a morning person, although it might interest you to know that the rest
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

RACHEL (cont'd)
of the world sleeps at night and works during the--
(right away)
What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2) 45

He finds a plastic jar of instant coffee with a few teaspoons left. He opens it, puts it under the hot water faucet for two seconds...and then gulps it down from the jar, then looks at her. *

NOAH *
The best part of waking up. *

She shakes her head.

RACHEL
I wanna show you something.

46 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 46

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO of the four teens with blurred faces.

RACHEL (O.S.)
What do you think?

Noah's studying it. Rachel sits in a chair opposite.

NOAH
I think it's a really cool effect. *
(tosses it aside) *
But what's it got to do with the *
tape?

RACHEL
Take my picture.

She nods to a digital camera on the coffee table. Suspicious, Noah picks it up. Aims it at her.

NOAH
Say Sex. *

She flips him off. Noah BUZZES a shot. He regards the "capture" in the viewfinder. * *

NOAH (cont'd) *
Huh. *

The digital image shows Rachel's face horribly BLURRED.

NOAH (cont'd) *
Your finger's pretty sharp. *

RACHEL *
Noah-- *

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

NOAH
This the same camera?

RACHEL
No. Scan the rest.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2) 46

Noah hits "scan" on the camera. The viewfinder scrolls the last pictures taken: all self-taken shots of Rachel in her bedroom mirror. Face BLURRED or half-blurred in all--

--except two last pictures of sleeping Aidan, tucked in his bed. His features are normal. He stares at Aidan a moment. *

RACHEL (cont'd) *
What do you think? *

NOAH
I think he's getting big. *

She takes the camera from him and takes his picture. Then shows it to him. HIS FACE IS NORMAL. He looks at her. *

NOAH (cont'd)
You said this was about a tape.

She hesitates...then removes the "ring" tape from her purse. Shows it to him, keeping it held close.

RACHEL
I'm thinking now maybe you shouldn't *
see it. *

NOAH
Just show it to me. *

RACHEL *
I should know more about it first. *

NOAH *
I thought that's why I was here. *
Give you the benefit of my-- *

RACHEL
Four kids are dead, Noah. *

NOAH
Not from watching a stupid video. *
(then) *
Show it to me. *

47 INT. DEN - MOMENTS LATER 47 *

The cassette with the etched "ring" disappears into a VCR. Its clock reads 8:10 AM. The TV screen goes black.

Noah's put it in; Rachel stands. On screen, the first WOBBLES of STATIC...the lunar "ring" struggling to TUNE IN...

47 CONTINUED: 47

NOAH
The hell is <u>that</u>?

RACHEL
(without looking)
It's an eclipse.

He watches. As the images start, she walks away.

48 EXT. BACK PATIO - DAY 48

She retreats to her patch of backyard; South Boston rowhouses all around. She leans on a railing, waiting.

Her gaze falls on the homes behind hers.

A48 In one kitchen window, a YOUNG MOTHER brings a LITTLE GIRL breakfast, watching TV cartoons. A48

B48 In another house, a MAN watches TV, on a rowing machine. B48

C48 In a third, a MAID's vacuuming, TV on. And so on. Everybody everywhere watching television. C48

D48 In another apartment, a man with a wheelchair watches TV. D48

E48 EXT. BACK PATIO E48

NOAH (O.S.)
Roll credits.

Rachel turns to him.

NOAH (cont'd)
Very student film. I'm sure it's scarier at night.

THE PHONE RINGS and she freezes. He looks at her.

NOAH (cont'd)
You wanna get that?

49 INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE 49

Noah follows her back into the den, to find her staring at her phone as it RINGS AND RINGS. And then THE CLICK of the ANSWERING MACHINE. Noah watches her a moment. *

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

NOAH
So... you been working a lot?

RACHEL
I'm not *tired*, Noah.

NOAH
Okay.

RACHEL
That tape didn't scare you?

NOAH
Not really. No. Sorry. *

RACHEL
Four people are dead-- *

NOAH *
And like I said, not from-- *

RACHEL *
Four people who watched it. *

NOAH *
We watched it. We're hangin. *

RACHEL *
It takes a week. *

NOAH *
Ah. *

She looks at the phone. He looks at his watch. *

NOAH (cont'd) *
Look, I gotta pick up a couple cameras *
from my guy downtown; then I'm s'posed
to prep this Costa Rica thing I may
or may not do next month.

RACHEL
Noah--

She takes a step to him.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Would you say that I'm gullible?

NOAH
No.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2) 49

RACHEL
Easily rattled?

NOAH
Definitely not.
(MORE)

49 CONTINUED: (3) 49

NOAH (cont'd)
A little high strung maybe... And...
(touches her sweatshirt)
Not much of a dresser--

She looks him in the eye, holds up the tape between them.

RACHEL
Who made it? Where'd it come from?

They look at each other. He finally sighs, smiles:

NOAH
Make me a copy. Come by tomorrow. *
I'll see what I can do. *

RACHEL
Thank you.

She kisses him, on the cheek. Which is good enough for him. For now. He walks out. She turns and looks at...

A49 THE ANSWERING MACHINE A49

The MESSAGE LIGHT BLINKING. On and off. On and Off.

B49 RACHEL B49

Stares at it a moment, rests a finger on the PLAY button, thinks, and then quickly hits the DELETE button instead.

50 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY 50

Rachel marches through, the videotape in her hand. She heads for the...

A50 OMITTED A50 *

B50 OMITTED B50 *

51 INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 51 *

A blank cassette enters a machine. Rachel's alone at a cramped edit bay, facing twin monitors.

She presses record on the dub deck. Play on the source deck.

The first images struggle to "tune in"; the harsh, erratic audio. Disturbed, she kills the volume. She sees the "ring" briefly, then the Red Ladder--

--and then notices the COUNTER NUMBERS. The source deck's numbers move erratically, forward and back. She looks to the record deck: its numbers are doing the same thing. Speed up, slow, zero out, then advance, then reverse--

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

Rachel stops source and hits "Pause" on the dub deck. The image of the Watery Static With the Fly freezes on-monitor.

She shuttles it forward and back. The fly walks back and forth on-screen, but the NUMBERS move in random correlation.

51 CONTINUED: (2) 51

Rachel stares, perplexed. The fly on the static looks so real, as if landed there, that she reaches a hand to touch it...and strokes nothing but video glass...

52 INT. WAREHOUSE ELEVATOR - DAY 52

Rachel rides an antique freight-elevator toward a warehouse loft. Metallic CLATTER, shadows spill...

...as a title graphic appears -- "DAY TWO".

53 INT. NOAH'S LOFT 53

Noah's staring at something off-screen. With a frown.

NOAH
You sure this is the copy?

REVEAL FULL SPACE

A photographer's studio. Prints of strife in international hot spots on the walls. Noah kneels at a messy entertainment center, regarding his VCR's counter. It's moving AT RANDOM.

RACHEL
Yeah, why?

Noah ejects tape. It is in fact labeled "COPY."

NOAH
The numbers are screwed up. *

RACHEL
Maybe they got copied.

NOAH
(impatient)
That's impossible...
(duh...)
There's no control track.

RACHEL
Hey, Noah, pretend for minute, that I don't read Video Geek Magazine.

He looks at her, sighs.

NOAH
The control track is put on the tape whenever it's recorded, which means *theoretically*, if there's no control track, there shouldn't be any images.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

Noah puts it back in, hits "Play."

NOAH (cont'd)
But, as you can see...

The numbers stay screwy. But the tape images play out as before...

RACHEL
Then how did these get recorded?

53 CONTINUED: (2) 53

NOAH
I don't know.

He suddenly gets up and starts out of the room.

RACHEL
Where you going?

NOAH
To get a screwdriver.
(then)
See if I can't figure it out.

53 CONTINUED: (3) 53

CUT TO:

A53 CLOSE UP OF THE TV SCREEN A53

As the tape reaches the Woman in the Mirror. White dress and long, black hair.

NOAH
Okay, so if no control track is Weird Thing Number One. This is Werid Thing Number Two... *

54 WIDEN TO REVEAL: NOAH'S LOFT 54

54 CONTINUED: 54

He's got an oscilloscope hooked into the VCR now. *

NOAH *
Take a look... *

They both lean close, stare at the screen... *

NOAH (cont'd)
You should see the camera here, in reflection. The angle's straight on. But you don't see anything-- *

RACHEL *
So where is it? *

NOAH *
I don't know. It's like there's no camera at all. *

On screen, the mirror switches position, reflecting the white dress and hair from behind, receding into darkness--

RACHEL
Okay, what's that? *

NOAH
Looks like she's walking away, whoever she is. Then she's back--

RACHEL
No, I mean up there. At the top.

At top-screen, there's a SKEWED STRIP running the length of the screen. Distorting two dozen scan lines--

NOAH
That's just the tracking. I can fix that.

He adjusts a knob. The wrong way at first -- the strip WIDENS, showing more wall above the mirror, and COMPRESSING the bottom of the frame. Noah reverses; it disappears--

RACHEL
Wait, whoa, go back. There was something there--

NOAH
It's the edge of the picture. That's as far as it'll go-- * *

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2) 54

Noah hits slo-mo reverse. The image goes from the Mirror to the Beached Carcasses. Noah pegs the tracking, and now sees the bottom COMPRESS, allowing a nighttime HORIZON LINE to appear at top-frame -- above the sloping beach--

RACHEL
There's more picture.

Noah freezes image. Clearly the beach's horizon is visible where it wasn't before.

54 CONTINUED: (3) 54

NOAH *
It's on the tape, but it's off the * screen.

RACHEL *
Weird Thing Number Three. *

NOAH *
Whoever put this tape together, it * was someone very technical...

He's going SLO-MO through the tape, fiddling with the oscilloscope.

RACHEL
I knew I came to the right place.

He turns, looks at her.

NOAH
You're pretty much just using me * right now, aren't you? *

She turns to him. *

RACHEL *
That okay? *

NOAH
Sure. *
(then) *
For now. *

They consider each other a moment. *

54 CONTINUED: (4) 54

Suddenly, the front door OPENS: a pretty Bohemian co-ed, BETH, 22, blows in, shattering the mood as she drops her headphones and backpack onto the floor--

BETH (O.S.)
Noah, I picked up the cameras; they're in good shape. You see the reprints I did of your Guatamala stuff? They came out kinda--

She rounds into view, sees him with Rachel. Stops short.

BETH (cont'd)
Working?

NOAH
(rises, edges away)
This is a friend -- Rachel Keller, she writes for the P.I. Rachel, this is Beth, my...assistant.

BETH
I prefer partner. *
(smiles at Noah) *
In crime. *

Rachel gives her a cement smile: "How cute."

NOAH
She's a, uh, journalism student...at Kirkland, actually...

BETH
Hey, I'll stay out of your way, I'm not even here--

Beth saunters past, plants a kiss on Noah's cheek. Rachel shoots Noah a look. He pretends not to see--

NOAH
Rachel's researching a story. It's this video hoax, sorta interesting.
(remembers)
Hey, you've worked with video. Take a look at this thing with the tracking--

RACHEL
Y'know, I'm late, I really should go--

She reaches swiftly to hit "Eject" and takes the "COPY" tape.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (5) 54

NOAH
Hey wait, why are you--

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (6) 54

RACHEL
I gotta go.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (7) 54

She stuffs the tape in her purse and heads for the door without a word. Noah looks confused. Beth gives him a "don't blame me" shrug, walks the other way.

55 INT. WAREHOUSE HALL - DAY 55

Rachel stalks out, heading for the freight elevator. A moment later, Noah pursues, catching up--

NOAH
You're taking the tape?

RACHEL
I don't want her to see it.

NOAH
Whoa, you don't want her to see it? What about me seeing it? You had no problem showing it to me--

RACHEL
I did have a problem.

She hits the button. The elevator rumbles below. He smiles at her.

RACHEL (cont'd)
You said the tape was interesting. Then she walks in and suddenly it's not.

NOAH
You're angry.

RACHEL
I'm not angry.

NOAH
What are you then?

RACHEL
In a hurry.

NOAH
Look, I'm sorry. But I'm just not gonna get all worked up over some high school rumor. *

She takes a breath, studies him a moment. He smiles.

NOAH (cont'd)
What are you thinking?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

RACHEL
I'm thinking, this is the part where I say you're a flake, never finishes anything, and then you say that I'm an obsessive bitch, needs to lighten up. And then I storm out, all pissed off, kicking myself for ever thinking that you could just... grow the fuck up.

Needless to say, he's not smiling anymore. The elevator arrives. She gets on.

RACHEL (cont'd)
So... why don't we just cut to that part <u>now</u> and save ourselves a lot of grief.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2) 55

The doors start to close. And as they do..

NOAH
Okay. Bye...

But he's now just staring at his own reflection in the polished steel.

56 EXT. STREET - DAY 56

As Rachel blows out of the building, starts up the street. We hear SOMEONE SINGING... *

VOICE *
The ship set down on the shore of *
this uncharted desert isle, with *
Gilligan... the Skipper, too... *
(then) *
Watch it, lady! *

She stops cold as she sees... *

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

A RED LADDER

In front of her. Identical to the one on the ring tape. Leaning against a building, going up three stories. Rachel sees A STREET PERSON sitting there to one side of it. He smiles. *

STREET PERSON *
Bad luck.

She hears a CATCALL, looks up, sees a couple of PAINTERS sit on a window ledge, legs dangling, sipping from BURGER KING cups. *

She then slowly walks AROUND the ladder. The street person watching her every step. *

STREET PERSON (cont'd) *
The Millionaire, and his wife, the movie star, the professor and Mary-Anne... *

She goes a few paces, stops and looks back at the ladder, at the singing street person... *

STREET PERSON (cont'd) *
Here on Gilligan's Isle! *

He holds the last note forever as now the singing turns into a caucaphony of other songs and shouts and screams as we... *

CUT TO: *

A56 OMITTED A56 *

B56 OMITTED B56 *

C56 A MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY C56 *

An institutional corridor. ORDERLIES escort PATIENTS to/from rooms. Vague MOANS; an anonymous SHRIEK. Rachel walks along the corridor, taking in all of the patients, looking for one in particular. She stops a nurse... * *

RACHEL *
Excuse me, I'm looking for... *

CUT TO: *

D56 A U SHAPED CURTAIN ON WHEELS D56 *

As it's pushed up a hallway. We see FEET SHUFFLING UNDERNEATH * it. A NURSE leading the hidden patient. *

NURSE
Just a little further, Becca.

As they pass a room with THE wall mounted TV ON, the curtain parts slightly and we see a wild EYE, stringy hair hanging down in front of it. The eye sees the TV and widens--

--but the nurse quickly pulls the curtain back.

NURSE (cont'd)
Almost there...

The nurse rolls the curtained frame along, keeping the patient shielded from the televisions in the ward...

RACHEL (V.O.)
I need your help, Becca...

57 INT. VISITOR ROOM - DAY 57

As Becca, Katie's friend from the opening, now looking haggard and worn emerges from behind the curtain and sits down across a table from Rachel and an onlooking YOUNG DOCTOR. She stares into space, totally remote.

...as a title graphic appears -- "DAY THREE".

57 CONTINUED: 57

RACHEL
You were with Katie when she died. Do you remember anything about that night?

Becca remains expressionless.

YOUNG DOCTOR
She hasn't said a word since they brought her in.

RACHEL
You saw it happen, though, didn't you, Becca?

We hear THE TELEVISION TURNED ON OS and Becca's head swivels in that direction. A MALE NURSE stands there with a patient in a wheelchair...

DOCTOR
Nurse!

The Nurse looks over, sees Becca.

MALE NURSE
Oh-- sorry--

She quickly shuts off the set, starts leading the patient in the wheelchair off.

MALE NURSE (cont'd)
I think we'll go to the other day room...

Rachel sees Becca staring at the now silent set.

RACHEL
I know you're afraid. I know you saw something night that scared you...

She offers a hand, stretching it out across the table. The Doctor ahems, but Rachel extends -- to touch Becca's.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I want to know what it was.

At her touch, Becca's eyes seem to focus...and find Rachel's.

RACHEL (cont'd)
She told you about a videotape, didn't she?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2) 57

And now Becca very slowly nods. The doctor sits up. *

RACHEL (cont'd) *
She tell you what was on it? *

Another nod. *

RACHEL (cont'd) *
And she was afraid. *
(another nod) *
Something was happening to her... *

CUT TO: *

A57 KATIE A57 *

From that night... *

KATIE *
Ever since, I haven't felt right. I *
keep seeing things... *

BECCA *
Like what? *

KATIE *
Picutures... *

CUT TO: *

B57 BECCA B57 *
*

BECCA *
(whispers) *
In her head... *

RACHEL *
She was still seeing the images? *
From the tape? She say which? *

Becca turns away. *

RACHEL (cont'd) *
The burning tree? The ladder? *

Becca looks at Rachel, stiff now, as she whipsers... *

BECCA *
You saw it. *

(CONTINUED)

B57 CONTINUED: B57

And from Rachel's reaction, she knows she's right. Becca squeaks the chair back, starts to get up...

RACHEL
Becca, how did Katie die?

Becca is backing away now. Rachel gets up. So does the doctor...

RACHEL (cont'd)
Becca--

DOCTOR
That's enough...

RACHEL
Please. I need to know!

Becca stops, turns back to Rachel.

B57 CONTINUED: (2) B57

BECCA
(a dry whisper)
And you will.

Rachel tenses as Becca walks right up to her. *

BECCA (cont'd) *
She'll show you.

RACHEL
(scared now)
Who...who'll show me...who...

But Becca just grasps her hand, as if reassuring...until she pries it away, forcing the thumb underneath the palm...and spreading Rachel's four fingers as far as they'll go, as if studying them like entrails on the table--

BECCA
Not now.

RACHEL
When?

--Rachel can't pull her hand away, as Becca's eyes roll back into her head--

BECCA
Four days.

C57 INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE/CUBICLE - DAY C57

Rachel sits at the desk staring at the two tapes, one of them marked COPY.

VOICE
You summoned me?

She looks over, sees a young WOMAN in jeans and a U-dub sweatshirt, a pencil tucked behind one ear, her glasses resting atop her head, standing in the doorway. * * *

RACHEL *
Yeah, Donna, you know how to work *
the edit deck?

58 INT. PRO EDIT FACILITY - NIGHT 58

STATIC BLARES on a TV. PATCH CABLES get jacked in. An OSCILLOSCOPE glows. The "ring" tape enters a PRO EDIT DECK.

58 CONTINUED: 58

DONNA (O.S.) *
Yeah, your home VCR's, they'll give you a tracking window but they won't let you stretch it. No point, really--

Reveal a tense Rachel at a console in a post-house editing bay. Donna shows her the ropes... *

...as a title graphic appears -- "DAY FOUR". *

58 CONTINUED: (2) 58

DONNA (cont'd) *
But this box is pretty old -- totally * analog, she'll read to the very edge of your tape--

She smiles at Rachel. *

DONNA (cont'd) *
Just don't force her or she'll play all hard to get with you. Eat your pretty tape all up.

She hits play. *

DONNA (cont'd) *
You need anything to drink while you * watch, coffee? Chardonnay? *

Rachel hits stop. *

RACHEL
I'd rather watch it alone. It's * personal. *

DONNA *
Like you have personal life. *

RACHEL *
I'll call you if I need you. *

59 INT. EDIT SUITE - NIGHT - LATER 59 *

A printed frame BUZZES out a VIDEO PRINTER: the Woman in the Mirror. Rachel stares at her on-screen--

--then hits slo-mo rewind. As she does, she nudges the "SERVO TRACKING" dial. The machine WHINES a bit in protest. The top of the image SKEWS slightly, fuzzing--

--but as she dials further, the skew descends more into frame, while the lower portion compresses to give it space--

RACHEL
Come on, show me, come on...

--as the Beached Carcasses now appear, playing slo-mo backwards -- the horizon line visible, the rocky slope, the dark structure -- lighting up for a moment --

59 CONTINUED: 59

--and as it lights up the carcasses, staring intently, Rachel's able to recognize--

RACHEL (cont'd)
Horses...

They go dark again. The machine WHINES as she turns the dial further...revealing more of the structure...a distant building with a DARK TOWER, set against the sky...

...and as Rachel forces the dial as far as it'll go...

A BEAM OF LIGHT FILLS TOP-FRAME

59 CONTINUED: (2) 59

Extending from the tower, arcing away to now silhouette its lantern-top clearly--

RACHEL (cont'd)
...lighthouse...?

Rachel reacts, then remembers the printer. Slams "Print" as--

--the image STROBES, the WHINE GOES PIERCING -- then loudly CHUNKS. Screen goes black. She looks to the printer -- humming, but no printout. She hits "Play." Nothing happens.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Shit-- come back--

She shuttles forward, then back. Tries "Play", then the "Servo" dial -- and now the machine JERKS back to life. The "fly" image pops up ON MONITOR. The liquid-static, with the insect poking around top corner.

Rachel lets it play, watching the fly walk its circuit. She then freezes tape.

The fly holds, encased in static. But so lifelike...that Rachel can't help but reach her hand again to reassure herself...and as she strokes the glass...

SHE PINCHES A BLACK FLY

between two fingers, on her side of the screen. It BUZZES at her touch. She lifts it closer...

...and notes that on the monitor is the screen of liquid-static. The "fly" in the image is gone.

The fly BUZZES insistently, one wing held trapped.

She stares at the frozen static -- and no fly -- on TV. Then slowly looks to the video printer...

A PRINTOUT of the "lighthouse" frame sits in the tray after all. And as it's VIOLENTLY TORN from view...

CUT TO:

61 INT. KOREAN GROCER - DAY 61

As a package of Kimchi, a banana, and a bottle of OB Beer are scanned by a CASHIER. Noah hands the young Korean Girl a twenty.

NOAH
Pack of Camel Lights, Lani.

As she turns to the shelf behind the register, Noah looks at the SECURITY MONITOR nestled among the cartons of cigarettes.

CASHIER
Fifteen-thirty-three, sixteen and twenty.

He glances up at the SECURITY CAMERA in the corner, then looks back as she counts out his change, then...

CASHIER (cont'd)
You're gonna die.

He looks at her. She taps the cigarettes.

CASHIER (cont'd)
My cousin was two packs a day, used the patch, never looked back.

NOAH
(beat)
I'll keep that in mind.

CASHIER
Have a nice day.

NOAH
You, too.

He turns to go, then freezes. Stares at...

THE SECURITY MONITOR

Where we see the CASHIER. Standing right there in front of Noah... except that NOAH'S FACE IS BLURRED.

62 INT. SEATTLE POST INTELLIGENCER RESEARCH ROOM - DAY 62

A STACK OF BOOKS HITS a table, "Lighthouses of the Western States," "Maritime America, Vol. 1," "Registry of Historic Places, etc. Denny stands there, looks down at--

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

--Rachel, who's scouring others, flipping pages of a coffee-table book of historic lighthouses. Her "printout" frame of the nighttime tower sits next to her--

DENNY
That it?

RACHEL
Thank you.

She looks at the printout. He waits a moment. She looks at him and he leaves. He looks at her through the glass window in the door, then moves on.

She stops at a daytime shot of a white lighthouse. Its tower the same shape. A similar building beside it. She puts her "printout" alongside it. It's close.

The caption: "Moesko Island, Washington. Built 1842."

63 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT 63

A search engine labeled "PrimarySource" on-screen, as Rachel types "Moesko Island" into a query field.

With a BEEP, replies appear -- "12,048 Articles Found" -- mainly headlines on storm forecasts and fishing reports.

Rachel stares at her printout of the lighthouse frame.

She then adds the word LIGHTHOUSE into her query field. After a moment, we start to see a different picture of the Moesko Island Lighthouse.

A headline reads: "RESTORATION OF HISTORIC BEACON COMPLETED." We see a photograph of the Vinalhaven Historical Society in front of the lighthouse... one woman in particular stands out... she's smiling.

Rachel PRINTS OUT THE PHOTO. She looks at it and we see THE WOMAN closer up. Rachel stares at her a second...

FLASH CUT TO: AN IMAGE ON THE VIDEOTAPE

The WOMAN IN THE MIRROR. The same woman.

63 CONTINUED: 63

BACK TO SCENE

As Rachel reads the CAPTION below the picture... the names of the women listed... touching her finger to each face on the screen as she matches the names, arriving at...

RACHEL
Anna Morgan.

Rachel now enters this into her Moesko Island query field. Waits. And selects the following headline: ANNA MORGAN HOSTS HORSE SHOW...

Photographs of ANNA and VICTOR MORGAN on their ranch. They are a handsome, happy couple. Rachel looks at the photo of Anna with a horse. Rachel prints out the photos...

She looks closely at the printed photo from the lighthouse restoration, sees a PIN on Anna Morgan's lapel: A HORSE.

Rachel thinks a moment, then adds "horses" to her "Vinalhaven" query field. The screen BEEPS as an unseen reply arrives...

RACHEL (cont'd)
Oh my God...

64 INT. ARCHIVAL STORAGE - NIGHT 64

ROW UPON ROW of bound, stored copies of regional newspapers. A climate-controlled library. The books all labeled "1978"--for "Portland Press Herald," "Lewiston Sun Journal," etc.

--as a book THUDS OPEN to a newsprint page: a crime-scene type photo of DEAD HORSES on a rocky beach. Washed-up carcasses, cops and fishermen standing by. "Mysterious Sickness Strikes Morgan Ranch Horses," is the headline.

Another book THUDS OPEN: two more photos, more horse carcasses at another remote beach location. Close-ups. "Equine Madness at Morgan Ranch."

Then a third book -- BAM! "Horses Recovering after Breeder's Suicide" With it is a picture of ANNA and VICTOR MORGAN, flanking a horse, this time: unsmiling.

Rachel reads the photo's caption: "Anna Morgan, with husband Victor, prior to her drowning."

Rachel looks at the photos of the couple she'd printed off the computer and compares them with this last photo... in the earlier pictures, the woman is beautiful and happy.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 64

In this last photo, right before she killed herself, she looks a hundred years older. Miserable.

Rachel looks at the two pictures side by side...

RACHEL
What happened to you, Anna?

Rachel starts scribbling, copying fragments of the article: "...suicide...drowned in Atlantic...severe depression... psychiatric care...University of Maine at Orono..."

Still scribbling, she looks to her writing hand...only to see it's no longer making notes on a notepad. It's writing on the printout of the Woman in the Mirror....

Her hand is drawing over Anna Morgan's face. As if covering it with long, black hair...

Rachel drops the pen, rubs her face with her hands and looks at the clock. It's late.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Jesus-- Aidan.

He watches as she starts gathering everything up, shoving it all into her satchel.

We HEAR LOUD KNOCKING OVER...

65 INT. RACHEL'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 65

As Aidan moves to the door.

65 CONTINUED: 65

AIDAN
Who is it?

NOAH (O.S.)
Noah.

He opens the door and faces Noah.

AIDAN
(beat)
She's not here.

NOAH
Where is she?

Aidan gives him a look. Noah nods.

NOAH (cont'd)
Working. Right...
(then)
Can I come in?

The kid widens the door. Noah sees the BABYSITTER sitting on the couch, her back to us watching television.

AIDAN
This is my mom's friend, Noah.

Noah reacts to that description as the babysitter turns, a teenage girl, and smiles.

NOAH
Hi. I uh... left something here the other day. A video...

BABYSITTER
(looks at the stack of rentals)
Which one?

NOAH
Actually, this one's... homemade.

He looks at the pile of video cassettes by the television. The tape isn't there. He looks towards the bedroom...

NOAH (cont'd)
Would it be alright if I checked the uh, bedroom?

65 CONTINUED: (2) 65

BABYSITTER
For your... homemade video?
(giggles)
Go ahead.

66 INT. BEDRROOM - SAME 66

As Noah comes in, looks at the TV, checks the VCR. No sign of it here. He hears Aidan laugh at something in the other room and looks off... his expression almost sad.

It's then that he notices Katie's PHOTOS, the ones Rachel found in Katie's room, on the dresser.

He takes down the envelope, looks at the shots of the kids all standing out in front of the cabin.

He thinks a moment, pulls the rumpled business card from his pocket, the one Rachel handed him... SHELTER MOUNTAIN.

67 EXT. SHELTER MOUNTAIN OFFICE - DAY 67

Noah drives up to the office and enters.

68 INT. OFFICE - SAME 68

As Noah comes inside and rings the bell. And waits.

NOAH
Hello?

No answer.

69 EXT. OFFICE - SAME 69

As Noah steps back outside, listens to the silence. The place appears deserted. He looks out at the LAKE. A lone CANOE drifts twenty feet off the dock.

70 EXT. DOCK - SAME 70

As Noah runs down to the dock. He notices something, shines the flashlight on BLOODY FOOTPRINTS that lead to the end. Noah starts walking over them...

At the end of the dock A ROPE is lashed to a piling. It trails into the water, attaches to the drifting canoe. He shines his light on the canoe, A DARK SHAPE INSIDE. Noah then sees PLAYING CARDS FLOATING IN THE WATER.

Noah reaches for the rope and starts reining it in. Pulling the boat closer... back to the dock... another foot and we see the INNKEEPER lying in the boat face down.

Noah drops to his stomach on the dock, reaches out and grabs the man by the shirt and ROLLS HIM OVER, shines the light so that we see A FEATURELESS DISTORTION that was once a face...

As Noah lets go and recoils, we then...

CUT TO:

71 RACHEL'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 71

As Rachel comes in, sets her stuff down, moves to the couch and shakes the teenage BABYSITTER awake.

A71 Some cable movie plays on the television. A71

71 71

BABYSITTER
Oh-- hi...

RACHEL
Hi. Sorry I'm late.

BABYSITTER
(cheerful)
No problem.

The babysitter gathers her things as Rachel takes some cash from her purse.

RACHEL
Was he okay?

BABYSITTER
He was an angel.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 71

BABYSITTER (cont'd)
I went to tell him it was bedtime, he was already under the covers. He read me a bedtime story.

Rachel smiles as she walks the girl to the door.

71 CONTINUED: (2) 71

BABYSITTER (cont'd)
He learned the word "conundrum."

RACHEL
Really?

BABYSITTER
Yeah, and he drew my picture.

RACHEL
Huh. Well, thanks...

BABYSITTER
Sure.

She keeps her face cheerful as she pauses at the door to add...

BABYSITTER (cont'd)
And by the way, just because you pay me seven dollars an hour, doesn't mean that I don't have a life, too.

RACHEL
(beat)
I said I was sorry. And then I believe you said, "no problem."

BABYSITTER
(chipper)
Yes, I know.
(turns to go)
'Night.

Rachel shuts the door and shakes her head. Whatever.

72 INT. AIDAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 72

Aidan's lying sprawled across the bed when Rachel comes in to check on him. She straightens him out, pulls the covers up and kisses him on the forehead.

She turns to go, stops when she sees A CHAIR knocked over by the window. She rights the chair. Notices the drawings all over the floor in the moonlight.

She picks one up. They're all of a woman sitting in front of a television, her hair in front of her face. But these are not the babysitter. They look a lot like Anna Morgan.

Rachel looks at her son who squirms back to where he was, sighing in his sleep.

73 INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 73

Rachel lies there asleep. We hear A GIRL WHIMPERING OS and she opens her eyes. She sits up. The whimpering turns into the WHISPERING we heard before and now Rachel quickly gets out of bed...

RACHEL
Aidan--

74 INT. AIDAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 74

As Rachel moves to the doorway. The WHISPERING STOPS.

74 CONTINUED: 74

RACHEL
Aidan?

His bed is empty. She turns to go when she notices now...

The chair sits center, facing away from us, in a puddle of water. A dark-haired FIGURE in a white gown sits there.

Rachel steps for the chair, trembling. The whisper-keening continues...and as Rachel reaches it...

HAND GRABS HER WRIST

A female hand -- bloody, missing fingernails -- latches like a claw onto Rachel's arm, as suddenly LIGHT FLOODS THE ROOM--

SMASH CUT TO:

75 INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 75

Rachel wakes up with a start. She's in bed, but still in her clothes, the papers she'd been reading all around her. A clock shows 2 A.M. She moves to rub her face with her hands, and freezes.

She looks at her WRIST. It's ringed with a RED MARK. Burned into her skin. Like someone had grabbed her... in her sleep.

..and now, she hears what sounds like WHISPER-KEENING...

Chilled, she turns toward the sound...in the living room. She quickly gets out of bed.

76 INT. HALLWAY - SAME 76

As she sees the translucent doors to the den are closed...with a DULL GLOW behind them. She quickly moves to them and throws them open--

A76 TO FIND AIDAN IN FRONT OF THE TV A76

--watching the videotape's final image of the STONE MOUND with its sliding metal cover--

RACHEL
NO!!!

A76 CONTINUED: A76

She falls beside him, whisking him into her arms as the tape goes to STATIC. She presses him to her, destroyed--

RACHEL (cont'd)
Why. Why, baby, why...

AIDAN
I couldn't sleep.
(then)
She wanted me to see it.

Rachel looks at him, then lunges for the VCR -- ejects the "COPY" tape and hurls it across the room. It lands beneath a corner credenza.

Aidan's scared by this. Rachel sees it, tries to settle--

RACHEL
It's okay...

AIDAN
Who is she, Rachel?

As the phone RINGS like a gunshot.

Rachel screams. She wraps Aidan in her arms again. The phone keeps RINGING.

AIDAN (cont'd)
(terrified)
Mom...?

Rachel gets up, looks at the phone. She reaches for it, picks it up, then IMMEDIATELY HANGS IT BACK UP.

She stands there breathing hard in the silence that follows. Aidan never taking his eyes off her. And then...

THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN. She snatches it up--

RACHEL
LEAVE HIM ALONE!

77 INT. DINER - NIGHT 77

Noah on the cell phone, cup of coffee in front of him, looking at the back of his DIGITAL CAMERA...

NOAH
Rachel?!

A77 INTERCUTTING THE TWO OF THEM: A77

Rachel's stunned silent.

RACHEL
Noah...

(CONTINUED)

A77 CONTINUED: A77

NOAH
I'm sorry I called so late... but I just wanted to tell you that I believe you--

RACHEL
(flat)
You do, huh.

NOAH
Yeah...

He turns the camera around, stares at the back of it, at the DIGITAL IMAGE of his own face, horribly blurred. He scrolls past several more like it, ALL OF THEM BLURRED the same way.

NOAH (cont'd)
I do.
(then)
Rachel? You there?

RACHEL
He watched the tape...

NOAH
What? Who?

RACHEL
Our son.

78 EXT. A BLURRED HOUSE - DAY 78

Seen through a windshield, streaked by rain...

As a title graphic appears -- "DAY SIX."

79 INT. RACHEL'S CAR 79

A door shuts and Rachel hurries toward Ruth's house, leaving Noah in the car, at the wheel...and Aidan in the passenger seat, idly sketching a house.

Through the windshield, Ruth lets Rachel in. Rain continues to fall. Noah and Aidan sit in silence. Several seconds pass. Finally:

79 CONTINUED: 79

AIDAN
You take my picture.

Noah looks at him. Aidan stares out at the rain.

AIDAN (cont'd)
I've seen you. When I'm in the yard at school. When I'm out with Mom. You're there.

Noah considers the kid a moment, then...

NOAH
Do you wish I was around more?

AIDAN
No.

NOAH
Oh.

AIDAN
Do you <u>want</u> to be around more?

Noah thinks for a moment.

NOAH
Rachel and I were--

AIDAN
--young. Yeah, mom's told me that story.

NOAH
Oh.
(then)
Thing is, I don't think I'd make a good father. Maybe because my own was such a... disappointment.

They sit there a moment, then...

NOAH (cont'd)
Thing is, I don't want to let someone else do it either. Be your father.

Aidan keeps drawing the house.

AIDAN
It's a conundrum.

79 CONTINUED: (2) 79

NOAH
(beat, smiles)
Yeah. It is.

Aidan keeps drawing his house. Considers. Then starts a figure next to it.

80 INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - SAME 80

Rachel's at a window, watching Aidan and Noah horsing around in the car below.

She turns her attention to Katie's desk. Picking up the spiral notebook she'd knocked over on her first visit here. With the cover-models' faces scrawled over with "hair."

It means something to Rachel now.

She opens the notebook. School assignments and classroom notes. She flips toward the book's end--

--and stops at a page with RED LADDERS drawn in the margins. She turns a page. More notes, but FLIES drawn buzzing on top of them. The next page's notes are framed in a ROOM, with a video camera facing a chair.

Rachel keeps turning: a DEAD HORSE IN A LAKE is drawn where the school notes abruptly stop, along with "Why is this in my head?" The next page has no notes at all: simply the "MIRROR-MIRROR" written all over the page.

The next page is a full-page sketch of a BURNING TREE, with the words "Fuck you" slashed across it. The next page is simply a RING, circled over and over so hard that the paper's torn through.

The following page is blank. Like the rest of the book.

RUTH (O.S.)
I don't think he should sleep in here.

Rachel turns to see Ruth in the doorway. She slips the notebook behind her back. Nods.

RUTH (cont'd)
He might like the den. There's a TV.

RACHEL
Do me a favor. Unplug it.

81 EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - DAY 81

The car door opens; Aidan's still working on his drawing--

RACHEL
Time to go, Mister.

AIDAN
I'm not finished.

Rachel looks at his drawing -- beside the house, he's put a man and a woman, holding hands with a child. The man's fully colored-in, the woman halfway, the kid so far featureless. But the parents resemble Rachel and Noah.

AIDAN (O.S.) (cont'd)
Noah said to make one for you.

Touched, surprised. She meets Noah's eyes.

82 EXT. SEATTLE COASTLINE - DAY 82

ANGLE FLYING over the coast. A thin ribbon of highway... where Rachel's Jetta RACES northward.

RACHEL (V.O.)
We've got to find out what happened to her. Anna Morgan -- the woman in the mirror.

NOAH (V.O.)
It's easy -- she off'd herself. Never underestimate the heartbreak of inherited wealth.

RACHEL (V.O.)
No. Something happened. And it started with the horses.

83 INT. CAR - SAME 83

As Rachel looks over the packet of research she's put together from her night in the Archive room.

RACHEL
After they died, Anna became a recluse. A year later she was admitted to Eola County Psychiatric, and a year after that, she was dead.

83 CONTINUED: 83

NOAH
Then why aren't we starting at the hospital?

RACHEL
We don't have time. Just get me to the island, then you can go up to the hospital.

Rachel looks at Katie's sketch pad. All of the drawings of the ladder, the fly, the room...

RACHEL (cont'd)
I think the images on the tape are leading us somewhere.
(then)
The ladder, the fly, the room...Katie saw them all too...

NOAH
So?

Rachel stares at the last picture in Katie's book, the ominous BLACK CIRCLE.

RACHEL
I think before you die, you see the ring.

84 EXT. HARBOR DOCK - DAY 84

RAIN falls. WORKERS direct a few cars onto a boat. A sign reads "Moesko Island Ferry." The Mustang drives up...

Noah keeps the engine idling, expecting Rachel to hustle out. She doesn't. She's staring at the "ring" tape, in hand.

NOAH
Rachel?

RACHEL
No one else can ever see this. Ever. If my time runs out--

NOAH
Your time won't run out.

She looks at him a moment, then...

RACHEL
Noah. You have to destroy this. It has to end with us.

A boat horn SOUNDS. Rachel gets out of the car--

NOAH
Wait, Rachel--

84 CONTINUED: 84

He retrieves something from the foot of her seat. It's Aidan's drawing, rolled up and taped. With "M-O-M" written on its side. She stares at it in the rainy silence.

NOAH (cont'd)
He knows you love him.

She nods, getting wet, then hurries to the boat dock. Noah remains, looking after her, till she's safely on board--

--as she passes a LITTLE GIRL and her FATHER watching DOCK WORKERS drive their HORSE TRAILER onto the ferry. An auburn STALLION is locked in back, whinnying with the bumps--

LITTLE GIRL
Easy, Penny! Be nice now, Penny!

GIRL'S FATHER
Settle down there, Penny...we're going home...

--moving by, Rachel slows as she glances to the horse. It REARS in its trailer. With a worried frown...she walks on.

85 EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY 85

Waves CRASH as the ferry crosses the channel. The few PASSENGERS stay in their cars.

Rachel alone sits on deck, looking over the packet of research. She studies a photograph of Victor Morgan. The two different photographs of Anna Morgan. She looks up...

AS MOESKO ISLAND

comes into view off the port side. A nine-by-five mile outcrop of land. Sparse forest, windswept meadows, some low buildings in a harbor cluster. And at the end of a rocky peninsula is the video's LIGHTHOUSE.

RACHEL
What happened to you, Anna?

RACHEL

Puts the photographs back into the packet.

85 CONTINUED: 85

She takes out more printouts of shots she'd looked at re: Anna Morgan. Articles on the lighthouse rennovation, etc. She notices one she didn't see before...

INSERT - A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

From the Vinalhaven Gazette. A headline reads "ACCIDENT AT HORSE SHOW." We catch phrases that tell us a man was injured jumping... broke his back... annual event at the MORGAN RANCH.

We see a PHOTOGRAPH of Victor and Anna Morgan at the show, a small CHILD between them, her long hair covering her face. A caption reads: VICTOR AND ANNA MORGAN WITH DAUGHTER SAMARA...

RACHEL (cont'd)
A daughter...

And now we HEAR THE SHRILL WHINNIE OF A HORSE and she looks up as THE AGITATED HORSE begins stamping and turning circles in its trailer. Rachel shoves he papers back into her satchel and moves to it...

85 CONTINUED: (2) 85

RACHEL (cont'd)
Hey there, shhh, it's all right--

--and reaches a hand to stroke its nose. As she does, she meets the gaze of its BLACK ANIMAL EYE--

--and at her touch, the horse goes PANICKED! Rears up, striking its head and banging hooves at the door -- held shut by rope-knot. Its mouth starts to FROTH.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Settle down, stop, hey--

But the horse keeps rearing, bucking, spitting foam--

A85 --and BUSTS OPEN the trailer door, rope splitting! The horse stumbles out onto the hood of a car behind it, then trips its way onto deck! Rachel scampers back-- A85

--as passengers HONK horns in alarm. A SHIP'S MATE comes running from the wheelhouse--

SHIP'S MATE
Jesus Christ! Horse on deck!

The horse SPINS, froth dripping. Rachel's backed against the railing, and tries to clamber over another car--

--but her actions only spook it more. It REARS while backing up, hitting the railing, eyes locked on Rachel as it flails--

--as there's a little girl's o.s. SCREAM--

B85 AND THE HORSE FALLS OVERBOARD B85

Bucking and kicking, smacking the side and plunging into whitecaps. Rachel rushes to the side--

C85 --watching the animal SPLASH to the surface, WHINNYING -- then get tugged under by the boat-driven current. Banging off the keel and sucked below. C85

D85 Rachel scrambles to the stern rail with other passengers, searching the water -- the roiling wake-- D85

AS THE WHITEWASH TURNS RED

--the churning whitecaps staining with BLOOD. It's the same White-Red Water image from the video.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
Daddy! Daddy, NO!

(CONTINUED)

D85 CONTINUED: D85

--as the Girl and her Father tumble in horror from the trailer's cab. The carcass surfaces. A HORN blares.

SHIP'S MATE
Full turn, bring her around! Drop the starboard boat! Ready ropes!

Rachel steps back, trembling. She scans the others' faces. But no one seems to see she's even there...

86 EXT. VINALHAVEN HARBOR - DAY 86

As Rachel walks off into the village. Behind her, cars file off the docked ferry, into a small fishing village.

87 EXT. CITY CAMPUS - DAY 87

Noah's Mustang speeds toward brick campus-like buildings, past a sign reading "University of Maine at Orono -- Psychiatric Clinic, Inpatient/Outpatient Facility."

88 INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - DAY 88

A white-coated female GRAD STUDENT works the reception desk

NOAH (O.S.)
I need to see the records of a patient named Anna Morgan.

The girl and the orderly turn -- to see Noah at the desk, slightly out of breath.

GRAD STUDENT
I'm sorry, sir...we're a mental health facility. Our records are private--

88 CONTINUED: 88

NOAH
She's been dead twenty-four years. She won't mind.

GRAD STUDENT
I'm sorry. It's impossible, even if you were a relative--

NOAH
Look, I've seen them before. I've been up there--

The girl and orderly trade a smug, knowing look.

ORDERLY
Nice try. The records rooms are downstairs, guy.

NOAH
(shrugs)
You win. Guy.

89 INT. BASEMENT REFUSE ROOM - DAY 89

A CROWBAR forces open a metal door from an outside stairwell. Noah slips in -- beside dumpsters and trash chutes.

NOAH
Jerk off.

Some flies buzz; he waves them away.

90 INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR 90

An ORDERLY wheels a laundry cart from an elevator. As he passes, Noah slips out, stalks the echoey hallway--

--checking doors as he goes, but no labels on them. Just "BT-19." "BT-18." "BT-17." Pipes line the ceiling, footsteps echo. Noah speeds up, counting down the doors--

--and then stops as he passes "BT-10." Turns back.

There's a FLY buzzing, flitting around the top left corner of the door. Walking a somehow-familiar pattern.

And off Noah's stare...

91 INT. "DEAD" RECORDS ROOM 91

The CROWBAR forces the door in. A dank, disordered storage room.

91 CONTINUED: 91

Some busted medical equipment in a corner, but mostly a few dozen cardboard file-boxes, stacked haphazardly -- scrawled with dates as far back as the 1930's.

91 CONTINUED: (2) 91

Noah steps in, knocks into a box of discarded STICKY ELECTRODES and white wires. A fly BUZZES on inside.

Noah takes in the mess and SIGHS. Then goes to work...

92 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY 92

A mailbox reads "MORGAN." Long-faded is the former label: "Morgan Horse Farm, Ltd."

Rachel faces a gravel drive in fenced grasslands, well outside town. There's a large brown two-story house at the center of the acreage. A small barn beyond.

And in the distance, the island's LIGHTHOUSE.

93 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - DAY 93

Rachel raps an iron knocker. No answer. Again. Nothing. Rachel then hears something being HAMMERED...

94 EXT. BACK OF HOUSE 94

Rachel rounds past a PICKUP TRUCK to see a fenced corral by the barns. A gentleman rancher, VICTOR MORGAN, 63 -- gray-haired handsome but weary -- is repairing a section of fence.

RACHEL
Mr. Morgan?

The man turns, surprised to see anyone.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I was wondering if you'd have a moment to speak with me. My name's Rachel Keller -- I'm a writer. With the--

VICTOR
You want to know about the horses.

RACHEL
Uh, well...

VICTOR
Or you're here for the night life.

Victor looks her over, smiles slightly.

RACHEL
I didn't mean to...it's just I wasn't able to find a number...to reach you--

94 CONTINUED: 94

VICTOR
Every few years, a writer comes along, heard about what happened. What's left to write though, I don't know.

RACHEL
I was hoping you had a few minutes.

VICTOR
Work never ends around here, really, but... I guess I've got a few.

95 INT. BACK STUDY - DAY 95

Part den, part workshop. Breeder's plaques and trophies. Rachel follows Victor in, as he sets his tools aside. Victor's smile is amiable.

VICTOR
So what is it you're writing, miss? 'Bout horses in general or just those that go strange?

RACHEL
I read you had to put so many down.

VICTOR
Most put themselves down.
(off her look)
They drown.

RACHEL
How'd they get out?

VICTOR
They just broke through the fences and ran to the shore.

RACHEL
So they went crazy?

VICTOR
It would seem so, yes.

RACHEL
Why?

He turns to her.

VICTOR
That's the question, isn't it? Why.

96 He smiles, picks up a BOOT HOOK, scrapes mud from his heels. 96

VICTOR
If you ever come up with an answer, let me know.

Rachel nods outside, toward the empty corrals...

RACHEL
Where are your horses now?

VICTOR
I don't breed anymore.

RACHEL
Of course not. I guess you wouldn't. Not after what happened, right?

He looks at her.

RACHEL (cont'd)
That must have been hard.
(then)
On both of you.
(then)
You and your wife.

96 CONTINUED: 96

Victor seems to re-evaluate Rachel's presence.

VICTOR
I'm sorry, Miss, but what was your name again?

RACHEL
Rachel.

VICTOR
Well, Rachel, maybe you wanna tell me what's really on your mind.

He still has the boot hook in hand. She nervously edges away, and pulls even with another room's half-open door--

RACHEL
I want to show you something--

WHERE THE OVAL MIRROR

from the tape hangs on the wall. Rachel stares at it, unsteady. Then back to Victor. His expression the same...

VICTOR
What?

She pulls the "ring" tape from her purse.

RACHEL
Do you know what this is?

VICTOR
Do I know what that is? Miss, I may live on an island in the ass end of nowhere, but I know what a videotape is.

RACHEL
I think it has a message.
(then)
From your wife.

He stands dead still.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Anna's on this tape. She's there, right in that room. You see the lighthouse, the horses--

VICTOR
Where did you get that?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2) 96

RACHEL
Shelter Mountain Inn.

Something passes across his face, but whatever reaction wants to escape he contains it, and merely blinks at the tape in her hand.

VICTOR
Is that the only one?

RACHEL
I made a copy.

96 CONTINUED: (3) 96

He resets his grip on the boot hook. Rachel's eyes never.

RACHEL (cont'd)
(in case he didn't get it)
Actually, I made... a bunch of copies.
Maybe a dozen.

Victor stares her down. His whole figure seems to grow weary, looking to the window. He puts the hook down and starts toward her--

VICTOR
I've got a lot of work to do today.
A lot of acres out there. Minute I
think I'm done with one thing, some
other thing needs fixing--

Rachel edges away, but he simply passes her to shut the door to the room with the mirror. Then faces her--

RACHEL
You don't want to see the tape?
You're not even curious?

VICTOR
Curious? No. I don't think so.

He starts for the door.

VICTOR (cont'd)
I can't help you.

RACHEL
Mr. Morgan--

She doesn't answer, doesn't have one.

VICTOR
Leave it alone. Please.

RACHEL
Thanks for your time.

He nods, walks to the door and opens it for her. She starts out, but then pauses, turns back...

RACHEL (cont'd)
Where's your daughter?

Boom. He gives her a dark look now.

96 CONTINUED: (4) 96

RACHEL (cont'd)
Maybe she could help me--

96 CONTINUED: (5) 96

VICTOR
I don't have a daughter.

RACHEL
Excuse me?

VICTOR
What is it with reporters? Are you all so miserable you have play on other people's tragedy? take other people's pain and spread it... like a disease.
(then)
Go away.

And he slams the door in her face.

97 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - DAY 97

As Rachel backs away, studying the house and surrounding ranch land.

97 CONTINUED: 97

Windows shuttered, fenced meadows empty, the barns quiet. A WIND picks up -- sends a shiver through her.

She hurries down the drive, glancing back one last time at the house and stops dead in her tracks. She stares like she's seeing it for the first time.

RACHEL'S POV - A TREE

Hanging from a branch is A WOODEN SWING blowing back and forth in the breeze.

RACHEL

Rummages in her purse, finding the drawing Aidan gave her. She unrolls the crayon-work of the house with the Mom, Dad standing beside it. The house is brown, two-level ranch-style, windows shuttered.

We're looking DOWN on the house, from an higher angle.

Beside the house is A TREE. Hanging from a branch is A SWING. It's the Morgan house.

The CHILD sits on the swing. But the child now wears a white dress. And long, black hair cloaking its face. We hear A PHONE RING OVER...

98 INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - SEATTLE - DUSK 98

Aidan sits on the living-room floor, drawing, in front of the big-screen TV. It's off, but -- while he draws -- Aidan's eyes never leave the black screen....

RUTH (O.S.)
Aidan! It's your mom!

Aidan stops drawing. Stares at the TV.

RUTH (O.S.) (cont'd)
Aidan!

The boy nods slightly. Stands and shuffles off...as ANGLE reveals he's been drawing a RED WOODEN LADDER.

99 INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 99

Ruth hands the phone to Aidan, steps away:

AIDAN
Hi Mom.

99 INTERCUT EXT. HARBOR - MOESKO ISLAND 99

Dockside dingy, locals only. CRABBERS and DOCKHANDS converse. Rachel's pressed to a pay phone:

RACHEL
Aidan, the house you drew for me...

AIDAN
Uh-huh.

RACHEL
Did you see it in your head -- is that why you drew it? Was it a picture in your head?

AIDAN
In my head?

RACHEL
Aidan, why did you draw that house?

AIDAN
(reluctant)
'Cause she told me to.

Rachel goes still.

RACHEL
Who...who told you to...

AIDAN
She did.

Rachel's breath hitches. She's staring at his drawing...and the little longhaired figure...

AIDAN (cont'd)
The little girl.

RACHEL
(beat)
She talks to you?

AIDAN
No. She shows me things.

Rachel looks at the drawing... and so do WE.

RACHEL
Did she show you the horses?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: 99

AIDAN
She doesn't like the barn. The horses keep her awake at night.

RACHEL
So she still lives there?

AIDAN
No.
(then)
She lives a dark place now.

101 INT. HARBOR BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER 101

Rachel enters the building.

RACHEL
Hi, excuse me -- does anyone here know Mr. Morgan? The Morgan Horse Farm, Richard and Anna Morgan--

The blue-collar LOCALS regard the desperate townie.

101 CONTINUED: 101

JAN
It's an island, dear.

RACHEL
So you knew Anna Morgan. And the child...

We hear the MEN STOP TALKING. The Woman looks up from her work a moment, then goes back to cracking another shell.

JAN
Samara. Yes, I knew them.

RACHEL
Can you tell me about them?

WANTLAND
No, she can't. We don't speak of those people in here.

Rachel turns around and looks at the MAN sitting at the other table.

JAN
Oh, stop it, Roland, that was twenty years ago.

WANTLAND
It may be, but that girl ruined the haul. Ruined my life.

JAN
Oh, your life is ruined, is it?

YUGI
What about the damn catch. She showed up, there wasn't a boat around here had a decent season.

JAN
Isn't her fault, you can't bait your traps right.

YUGI
I bait my traps fine--

JAN
(to Rachel)
Couldn't catch a crab with a shotgun.

101 CONTINUED: (2) 101

GEOFF
And what about the damn horses?

JAN
That's right, blame the little girl for everything.
(then)
Good Lord, could you all be a bigger bunch of pussies?

GEOFF
Those people messed with nature!

RACHEL
What do you mean, "messed with nature?"

TONY
A man gives his wife a good home, a good living, it's not enough. A woman always wants a child. He was trying for years to give that woman her own. Didn't matter -- her whole life nothing. Til the year they went away.
(beat)
She came back pregnant. Say a doctor helped 'em overseas. You tell me.

YUGI
They got what was coming to them.

RACHEL
What was that?

GEOFF
That wasn't a normal little girl.

TONY
They'd bring her to town sometimes, at first. She wouldn't talk to you, wouldn't even smile --

WANTLAND
They had horses going wrong ever since.

TONY
Morgan sent her to some head hospital, having her studied or something --

101 CONTINUED: (3) 101

YUGI
Then the wife goes crazy --

JAN
Ma'am, the boys here tell a lot of stories -- after a while, they even start to believe them.

YUGI
Catch been fine since she been gone --

RACHEL
Gone, what do you mean gone?

101 CONTINUED: (5) 101

YUGI
For the longest time, we'd see them here only in the summer. They'd go go to shelter in the winter. But then, maybe eighteen, nineteen years ago, the winter place burned down and they came back here for good.

WANTLAND
Without the little girl.

Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL
What happened to her?

WANTLAND
Died in the fire.

YUGI
Or so they say.

GEOFF
That's why she killed herself, the way I heard it.

OLD LOBSTERMAN
Girl may have been wrong, but it still was hers, weren't it?

He swigs his shot glass, hangs it upside down on the bar:

OLD LOBSTERMAN (cont'd)
Never underestimate a mother's love for her child.

102 OMITTED 102

103 INT. DEAD RECORDS ROOM - DUSK 103

A FLASHLIGHT finds a file-box on its side, labeled "Former Patients, Closed 1970's, #1752." Noah jerks out a rotting cabinet -- to find a folder labeled "Morgan, Anna, Mrs."

103 CONTINUED: 103

He leafs the folder's "Attending Psychiatrist" notes, finding "...depression...anxiety...depression..." and then a medical history with xeroxed doctor's reports. We see FRAGMENTS of pages: "1963 miscarriage...1965 miscarriage... 1968 miscarriage..." And then, labeled 1970...a page torn out.

103 CONTINUED: (2) 103

Noah flips further. We see...

THREE STRANGE RADIOGRAPHS

Brilliant and ghostly abstractions burned into X-ray emulsion paper. Among them a BURNING TREE. A label at the x-ray's base reads "Samara Morgan."

NOAH
Samara...?

He checks the cabinet again -- finds an empty hanging folder behind Anna's. A tab for Patient History...but no pages. A tab for Birth Certificate...but no pages.

Only a scrawl on the folder's back: "SESSIONS TERMINATED 9/21/78 -- See Video Record #SM015." And off Noah's look...

104 INT. HOSPITAL STORAGE LIBRARY - DUSK 104

Noah walks rows of TAPES with a white-coated HOSPITAL CLERK:

CLERK
1978-- man, we're really going back in time here... *

NOAH
Lady at reception said it should still be here.

CLERK
(looking at the shelves)
It should be.
(then)
You say you're the patients father?

NOAH
Victor Morgan. That's me.

He pauses looks back at Noah.

CLERK
What's your secret?

NOAH
Diet and exercise, man.

CLERK
No shit?

NOAH
All it takes.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: 104

CLERK
(starts to walk, stops)
You know, I'm not an idiot.

Noah swallows as the clerk points at him.

CLERK (cont'd)
You try and walk outta here with the file and I'll be on you like fucking white on rice, you understand?

NOAH
I-- I just want to look at it.

The clerk resumes his search of the shelves...

CLERK
Parents are always coming in here and trying to steal the files, so nobody will know how whacked their kids are.
(then)
Or how they whacked them.

NOAH
I wouldn't do that.

CLERK
There's another room where you can watch, totally private...

NOAH
That's fine. I just wanna see it.

CLERK
I'm responsible for every file tape in here. I have a system and I don't want anyone disarranging it.

NOAH
I promise, I won't... disarrange anything. * *

CLERK
Long as we understand each other.

The clerk finds the right shelf, with the cassette case labeled #SM015. The clerk opens it up--

--to reveal THERE'S NO TAPE. Noah reacts.

104 CONTINUED: (2) 104

NOAH
Uh-oh...

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (3) 104

The clerk frowns, studies an card on the cover's back--

CLERK
Okay, now I'm mad...

104 CONTINUED: (4) 104

NOAH
Does it say who the last person was who watched it?

CLERK
Yeah--

The clerk shows him the card, eyeing him strangely:

CLERK (cont'd)
It was you.

105 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - NIGHT 105

The Vinalhaven Island lighthouse ARCS its beacon in the distant darkness. A beat-up CAR stops at the drive.

Rachel emerges, waving thanks at the LOCAL driver who drives on. Rachel is left facing the Morgan house. She starts up the gravel drive.

A105 THE BARN A105

As Rachel passes the structure, we see A SHAFT OF LIGHT emitting from inside, A SHADOW MOVING ABOUT. Someone inside working. We then hear the SOUND OF GLASS BREAKING. Rachel hurries up to the main house...

106 EXT. THE SEA - OFF THE COAST - SAME 106

WAVES CRASH as the ferryboat crosses the channel. Noah's aboard, trying his cell phone to no avail...

NOAH
Rachel...

107 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - NIGHT 107

Darkness and silence. The door opens...and Rachel slips in. Surveys the shadows. Heads swiftly for the main hall...

108 INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 108

The room with the Oval Mirror. Rachel stands in the study doorway, re-confronting it with a chill as she remembers--

A108 FLASHCUT - THE VIDEOTAPE A108

Anna Morgan brushing her hair and the mirror switching position -- to reflect what looks like her figure in the distant shadows, walking away--

A108 CONTINUED: A108

That image HOLDS: that we may recognize it now as a LITTLE GIRL -- backing away, but facing forwards -- her long black hair cloaking her face.

B108 IN THE SITTING ROOM B108

Rachel now notices a double-doored CLOSET within the room. The doors are open. There's a low electronic HUM.

A TELEVISION and VCR sit atop their cardboard boxes, as if recently unpacked. Boxes of books fill the closet.

The lighthouse beacon ARCS through a window, lighting up the room for an instant -- as Rachel approaches.

The book-boxes are filled with titles like: "The Truth of Telekinesis" and "Collected Studies of Mentalism." Rachel kneels at the TV...and now hears the LOW HUM. The TV's on.

She touches the VCR's eject button and a tape labeled "#SM015, U.M.O. 9/78" emerges. Rachel hesitates, then re-inserts it. And presses "Play."

C108 AS A HEAD OF RAGGED BLACK HAIR C108

Fills the TV screen. Rachel jumps.

The image DE-AND-RE-FOCUSES, abruptly ZOOMS OUT. We see A LITTLE GIRL, 8, lying on a bed. The camera is mounted in a high corner of the room somewhere. Her HAIR IS ALWAYS IN HER FACE.

JUMP CUTS as the little girl moves about the room. We see a clock on the wall. Different TIMES appear at the bottom of the tape: 1 a.m. 2 a.m. 3 a.m Etc.

The Little Girl doesn't sleep. Ever.

THE SCREEN GOES SNOWY. Then...

THE IMAGE ON SCREEN CHANGES TO:

The LITTLE GIRL in a chair, half-turned away, stringy black hair covering her face.

She wears a white dress, sits in the center of the white room from the "ring" tape. A pair of ELECTRODE WIRES trail from beneath her hair, to an o.s. machine.

C108 CONTINUED: C108

DOCTOR'S VOICE *
Let's talk about the pictures...

ZOOM OUT as someone adjusts the camera. The tape quality is poor, early VHS washed-out color. A desk sits in foreground with the strange X-rays Noah found lying atop it. Beside a doctor's shoulder. He picks up one of the "x-rays..."

DOCTOR
How did you make them?

The girl stays half-cowered, slow. Likely drugged:

DOCTOR (cont'd)
Samara? How did you--

SAMARA
(whispers)
I feel... bad...

C108 CONTINUED: (2) C108

DOCTOR
Yes, that's the medicine I gave you.
(then)
I don't want to have to give you any more. But I need to understand...

She doesn't say anything.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
At some point you have to talk to me.

The child raises her head slightly. When she speaks, it's barely above a WHISPER.

SAMARA
Can I see my Mommy?

DOCTOR
No, Samara. Not yet. Not until we understand what's wrong with you.

SAMARA
I love my mommy.

DOCTOR
Yes, you do. But you don't want to hurt her anymore, do you? You don't want to hurt anybody, do you?

SAMARA
But I do. And I'm sorry...
(raises her head)
It won't stop.

DOCTOR
That's why you're here. So I can help you make it stop.

No response from the child.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
But first, you have to tell me, Samara. How did you make these pictures?

SAMARA
I don't... make them. I <u>see</u> them. and then, they just... are.

C108 CONTINUED: (3) C108

DOCTOR
Your father says you mostly make them at night. He says that you don't sleep... *
*

The child reacts slightly to the word "father."

DOCTOR (cont'd)
Samara?

C108 The lighthouse BEACON arcs through the room's window, as Rachel raptly watches the strange child. C108

SAMARA
He's going to leave me here, isn't he?

DOCTOR
Who?

SAMARA
Daddy.

DOCTOR
They just want to help you.

SAMARA
Not Daddy.

Rachel's entranced by the discussion. The lighthouse BEACON sweeps to illuminate the room again...

DOCTOR
Your Daddy loves you.

SAMARA
Daddy loves the horses.

A tense silence.

D108 CONTINUED D108

AS VICTOR MORGAN

is revealed in the doorway behind Rachel -- as the lighthouse beacon SHINES in again. He's barefoot, in his barn jacket, with A HORSE BIT in his hands. Stares, silent.

The beam passes, plunging him into darkness. Rachel is oblivious, still fixated on the TV screen.

SAMARA
He wants me to go away.

DOCTOR
No, he doesn't.

SAMARA
He tells me. Every day.

When the beacon SWEEPS PAST again, Victor is gone.

D108 CONTINUED: D108

SAMARA (cont'd)
But he doesn't know...

DOCTOR
He doesn't know what?
(then)
Samara?

Samara starts to look up at the video camera and suddenly the SCREEN goes SNOWY. Rachel shuts off the set.

We hear a CREAK and Rachel spins around in the dark. The BEAM from the lighthouse plays about the room and we see that Victor Morgan is standing right behind her.

Rachel turns, sees him just as he hits her with the bit. She goes down at his feet.

VICTOR
She's not gonna whisper in my fucking ear ever again.

He steps past her to the TV and picks it up, yanking the cord from the wall and starts out of the room. Rachel pulls herself up watches him walk out of the room...

RACHEL
What did you do to her?

He pauses...

D108 CONTINUED: (2) D108

VICTOR
What would you do to the thing that took away everything you ever loved?

He walks out of the room. Rachel calls after him...

RACHEL
She was your daughter!

109 OMITTED 109

110 INT. FRONT FOYER/LIVING ROOM 110

Victor starts up the stairs. Rachel follows him -- grabbing a walking stick now for a weapon as he ascends into the darkness of the second floor.

111 INT. MORGAN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL 111

As she comes up the stairs, watches Victor Morgan carry the set into a room. She slowly starts up the hall...

RACHEL
You killed Samara, didn't you?

Victor Morgan steps out of the room. He holds the METAL BIT, vaguely threatening. An empty stare.

RACHEL (cont'd)
You killed her. And when your wife found out, she--

VICTOR
(booming)
My wife wasn't supposed to have a child!

RACHEL
What did you do to Samara?

VICTOR
Think if you spent your life wanting something, only to find out when you finally get it that you hate it more than anything.

He goes back into the room. Rachel follows, stops outside the door now as she notices THE WIRES RUNNING ACROSS THE FLOOR...

VICTOR (cont'd)
She never slept. Ever.

111 CONTINUED: 111

And now Rachel looks into...

112 OMITTED 112

113 THE BATHROOM 113

It's a veritable junk-shop, with three TV's and two VCR's on sink, toilet and floor, copper wires spilling out of them and trailing across the floor to meet wrapped around--

--the METAL BIT in Victor's hand, kneeling in the overflowing bathtub...

Rachel notices the water starting to puddle around her own feet, she quickly steps back.

RACHEL
Mr. Morgan, what are you doing?

VICTOR
She never stopped. The whispers... you'd hear them all the time. At night, in your sleep.

She steps away from the water...

RACHEL
Mr. Morgan, come out of there...

VICTOR
You couldn't get away from them. She was driving us crazy... even the damn horses!
(then)
And the pictures... Good Christ, the things she'd...
(taps his head)
Show you...

RACHEL
She's still showing them.

VICTOR
And she'll never stop. Your coming here proves that.

RACHEL
Where is she?

He looks at her. She sees him grab hold of a nearby POWER STRIP to which all of the electronics are plugged in.

113 CONTINUED: 113

RACHEL (cont'd)
Please. I have to stop her. If I don't, my son will die...

VICTOR
Yes. He will.

113 CONTINUED: (2) 113

He puts the bit in his mouth and reaches for the power strip--

RACHEL
WAIT, NO!

He hits the power. Rachel SCREAMS as A SURGE of electricity BLOWS OUT the TV picture tubes and snaps his body rigid.

114 INT. HALLWAY 114

She's shaking, staggering backward as--

A SHADOW COMES UP THE STAIRS

--and she spins, screaming -- to nearly collide with--

NOAH
RACHEL!

She's speechless. He grabs her, then moves to the bathroom, recoils from what he sees inside.

114 CONTINUED: 114

NOAH (cont'd)
Jesus...

115 OMITTED 115

116 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - LATER 116

Rachel sits in a chair, her eyes darting around the room. Noah sits on the arm, trying to comfort her...

RACHEL
This place...

NOAH
It's all right... you're okay...

She looks at him.

RACHEL
Do you notice anything unusual?

NOAH
You mean, besides the guy upstairs with a bit in his mouth?

RACHEL
There aren't any photographs... of anybody. Not a one. You'd think there'd be one of Anna Morgan at least... *

Noah looks around, sees that she's right.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Victor said that Samara was inside their heads. That she showed them pictures... all the time...

NOAH
Like this one...

He opens his satchel and pulls out one of the x-ray-like images he took from the hospital. A shadowy HORSE.

NOAH (cont'd)
This was at the hospital.

RACHEL
They were trying to figure out why she made them. But that's not the question, is it? *

116 CONTINUED: 116

She gets up now.

116 CONTINUED: (2) 116

RACHEL (cont'd)
The question is why is she still making them. What does she want?

Rachel looks at the mirror where Anna was brushing Samara's hair on the tape.

RACHEL (cont'd)
There's only one other person on the tape... Anna Morgan. Her mother. Who killed herself.

NOAH
What're you saying, Samara wants her mommy?

RACHEL
All I know is, there's a child out there somewhere, all alone, scared.
(then)
We have to find her.

NOAH
How?

Rachel thinks a moment, reaches into her coat and once more looks at Aidan's drawing.

116 CONTINUED: (3) 116

RACHEL
(thoughtful)
She doesn't like the barn...

NOAH
What?

RACHEL
The horses keep her awake.

117 OMITTED 117

118 INT. BARN - NIGHT 118

As the door is kicked open and Noah and Rachel stand there looking in the dimly lit space. Flies swarm a bare BULB that swings back and forth.

The space is long abandoned, stalls, but no horses. Only a hayloft high above. Where black RAIN TARPS cover bulky furniture.

RACHEL
How do we get up?

NOAH
Here...

She watches as he moves into the shadows where a RED WOODEN LADDER, the one from the video leans against the wall.

119 INT. HAYLOFT - MOMENTS LATER 119

BANG! The ladder hits the edge. Noah and Rachel ascend to survey the dusty space -- and start pulling tarps...

...revealing a child's bed. A dresser. A desk. A rocking-horse. A chest of stuffed animals. Faded wallpaper showing horses... lots of horses. Galloping. Rearing. Jumping...

RACHEL
He kept her here...
(then)
Her mother was going crazy. Morgan blamed the child. So he kept her here. Alone.

Noah rights the KNOCKED OVER TELEVISION that we now see in the middle of the room.

NOAH
Not alone.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: 119

Rachel looks at it, reflected in the broken glass is A CHAIR. She looks at the configuration of television and chair...

RACHEL
This was in my dream...

NOAH
Rachel.

She turns to where Noah examines A WALL. The WALLPAPER IS RIPPED.

119 CONTINUED: (2) 119

NOAH (cont'd)
There's something under here.

A series of DARK LINES are embedded in the wall there. He rips back the wallpaper.

She joins in, starts pulling the old paper from the wall. They tear it off in sheets and strips. After a moment or two, they then step back and look at...

Takes up the entire wall. Noah runs his fingers over the lines...

NOAH (cont'd)
It's like it's etched into the wall.

Rachel looks at the red FINGER MARKS AROUND HER WRIST.

RACHEL
Or burned.

Rachel looks up at the tree.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I've seen this tree before.

NOAH *
It's on the tape. *

RACHEL *
No, I've been there. *

A119 QUCK CUT TO: THE WOMAN IN THE CRAB PLACE A119 *

As she sits at her table, says to Rachel...

WOMAN
They'd summer here, go back to Shelter in the winter...

B119 BACK TO SCENE B119

As Rachel looks at the tree...

RACHEL
Shelter Mountain... *

RACHEL (cont'd)
That's where the Morgan's spent the summer. That was their other ranch.

C119 QUICK CUT TO: THE WOMAN C119

As she looks at Rachel...

WOMAN
...until it burned down.

C119 CONTINUED: C119

CUT TO:

120 EXT. SHELTER MOUNTAIN - NIGHT-TO-DAWN - TIME LAPSE 120

DARKNESS. Out of the black, silhouettes form. Branches and leaves, back-lit by grays and pinks. A tree in a forest, waking to the day. And as the SUN rises in time lapse beyond--

--the leaves of the RED JAPANESE MAPLE behind Cabin #12 start to GLOW, translucent fiery shades -- like a tree on fire...

121 EXT. OTHER WOODS - SERIES OF SHOTS 121

Other forest MAPLES, some in clusters, some alone, all react the same way. The sun rises higher, BLAZE-GLOWS now fade--

--and suddenly the TIME LAPSE speeds up -- to full daytime--

--as Noah's Mustang ZOOMS PAST.

...as a title graphic appears -- "DAY SEVEN".

122 EXT. SHELTER MOUNTAIN - DAY 122

ANGLE SOARING OVERHEAD, tracking the car and then overtaking, flying ahead to the lake site...where the tape was found.

RACHEL (V.O.)
The house that burned was above the lake...

123 EXT. SHELTER MOUNTAIN INN - DAY 123

The Mustang kicks up dust as it SWERVES past the entry sign, with a posted addendum: "Closed Until Further Notice. Please Call for Reservations -- The Management."

RACHEL (V.O.)
The cabins have only been there for fifteen years...

124 INT. CABIN #12 - DAY 124

Noah holds the GUEST JOURNAL, reading the printed history of the ranch on its front. Outside the window, the JAPANESE MAPLE sways with a breeze, its leaves a deep, vibrant red.

124 CONTINUED: 124

RACHEL STARES AT IT WITH AWE:

RACHEL
The sun came right through the leaves, lit them up like it was on fire, right at sunset...
(realizes)
Right when I watched the tape.

She turns to Noah.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Katie and her friends, they died at ten that night, all of them. They must have watched it at ten...

NOAH
So where do we start?

RACHEL
I don't know--

NOAH
You're saying she's here. She's dead and she's here?

RACHEL
I think so.

NOAH
Okay. How do we get her to show herself? *

He stares at the set, turns it on. It's all static. He shakes the set... * *

124 CONTINUED: (2) 124

NOAH (cont'd)
You in there, Samara? *

RACHEL
Noah, I really don't think--

He rocks it back and forth... *

NOAH *
Come on out, Samara... *

The TV topples-- *

RACHEL
NOAH!

124 CONTINUED: (3) 124

He jumps back into a side table, upsetting the decorative-marble-filled vase, scattering MARBLES across the floor.

They fly to all corners...but the ones that trickle across the area rug all roll weirdly to the same position...

...like there's a slight slope to the floor, on either side of the rug. A dozen marbles CONVERGE...right where the TV stand used to be.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Noah--

NOAH
I see.

The collected marbles are framed by the stand's indentations in the rug. Noah snatches the rug away--

TO REVEAL A DISCOLORED RING

a circular depression in the floorboards -- as if they've been TUGGED INWARD from below -- suffering from dampness, rot and fungus. Rachel touches her hand to the discolored circle. Her hand comes away wet...

125 EXT. CABIN - DAY 125

Glass SHATTERS as a fire axe (beside a hose) is snatched up.

126 INT. CABIN #12 126

The AXE SMASHES through the floorboards. Noah wields it wildly. Boards break apart, tumbling into a crouch-high crawl space under the structure--

--and with a couple more AXE STROKES, a hole is broken. Dust filters up and clears...to reveal the cabin's frayed ELECTRICAL WIRES crossing beneath, SPARKING a little--

--and further, beneath those--

ROUND STONE MOUND

with a circular metal cover.

RACHEL
It's a <u>well</u>.

127 INT. SUBSTRUCTURE - MOMENTS LATER 127

They struggle together, heaving the metal cover from the well. It pulls up, then turns -- like a child-proofed cap -- and allows Rachel and Noah to SHOVE it free--

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: 127

AS A THOUSAND BUZZING FLIES

--stream out! They recoil, shielding faces as the INSECT SWARM scatters to the winds. A rank smell follows--

--as they stare into a small, dark abyss. Rough stone walls dropping to blackness.

RACHEL
Now what?

NOAH
Drop something.

Noah finds a pebble, lets it fall. A distant SPLASH.

NOAH (cont'd)
You think she's down there?

RACHEL
I don't know...

Rachel lifts a battery-lantern. She leans over the stone wall. The light casts light for about twenty feet -- only blackness beyond.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I can't see anything...

She now leans further over the stone wall, trying to see down into the well.

NOAH
Careful--

RACHEL
Don't worry--

And then THE WALL GIVES, THE STONES COLLAPSE...

RACHEL (cont'd)
Shit--

...and RACHEL FALLS INTO THE WELL. A moment of nothing. Noah is leaning over the well, breathing hard.

NOAH
Hang on...

We then move out over the well and see that Noah is holding onto Rachel's wrist by one hand... she dangles over a black abyss, tries to get a footing on the slimy wall...

127 CONTINUED: (2) 127

NOAH (cont'd)
I'm gonna pull you up.

And as he starts to pull her up, but his grip slips off her wrist and Rachel falls into the blackness, SCREAMING all the way down to the bottom.

NOAH (cont'd)
RACHEL!

And now we begin to MOVE DOWN INTO THE DARK. Down down down. A LIGHT at the bottom. The FLASHLIGHT floating in the water. Illuminating it, making it green, Rachel face down, her hair floating about her head...

128 UNDER THE WATER 128

Looking up at Rachel through the greenish water.

NOAH (O.S.)
(faint)
Rach-ellll...

And now we see A CHILD'S HAND reaching for her. Suddenly, Rachel opens her eyes and lifts her head out of the water gasping for air...

NOAH (O.S.) (cont'd)
Rachel!

RACHEL
I'm here! I'm all right...
(checking)
I think...

129 EXT. OUTSIDE THE WELL - SAME 129

As Noah calls down to her...

NOAH
I'm gonna go find something to get you out!

128 INT. WELL - SAME 128

Rachel grabs the floating flashlight...

RACHEL
Hurry!

128 CONTINUED: 128

She shines the light around her, lights black strands of hair stuck to the wall. Dark stains in the stone. And a GLINT of something enamel, like two pieces of shell--

She pulls one "shell" out of its chink in the stone. It's an intact human fingernail.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Oh, God...

--to see the stone is ETCHED with scratches. And long-dried BLOODSTAINS. She looks around her in the dark water, tries to back away, but just hits the other wall.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Samara...

And now we begin to hear WHISPERS... she shines the light around the walls. She sees another etching... The three RINGS.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Please don't take my son.

A128 EXT. RESORT OFFICE - NIGHT A128

As Noah frantically smashes a FIRE EXTINGUISHER CASE. Grabs the long hose and starts to run with it...

129 THRU 136 OMITTED 129 THRU 136

137 INT. WELL - SAME 137

As a STONE SCRAPING NOISE snaps her attention skyward--

--to see the METAL COVER is sliding back over the well. Under its own power. The circle of dim light is becoming a crescent...as if the cover's silhouette is an eclipse...

138 INT. CABIN #12 138

The smashed TV hisses with faint STATIC. The picture tube circuits SPARK, as if trying to turn back on...

A138 EXT. CABIN - SAME A138

As Noah watches the sun disappear, sprints for the well.

139 INT. CABIN SUBSTRUCTURE - SAME 139

As he arrives with the hose, sees the LID IS NOW BACK IN PLACE OVER THE WELL.

NOAH
RACHEL!

He begins struggling with the lid, but can't budge it.

140 INT. WELL - SAME 140

She's locked inside, all alone. Her lantern FLICKERS, losing power. Flickers again. Darkness coming. As from somewhere below her, the WHISPERING gets louder...

RACHEL
Please don't take my son--

And now a HAND from a WHITE DRESS SPLASHES UP from beneath and CLUTCHES her left wrist! With bloody gaps where nails should be.

Rachel's struggles with the grip, feeling STRONG WHITE LIGHT from above. She looks up to see the cover gone, the well opening bathed in silhouette by WHITE LIGHT--

A140 AS ANGLE RACES UP THE WELL A140

--toward the light, into the light and--

141 EXT. WELL - TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO - DAY 141

--BURSTING OUT on a forested landscape. Cabin #12 is gone and so are all the others as angle SPINS--

141 CONTINUED: 141

--to the Japanese maple tree, full of bold, red color. Beyond is the lake, and a ranch's STABLES with horses roaming the waterfront's meadow.

A barefoot girl in a white dress and long black tangled hair sits beneath the tree. Her hair covers her face. It's Samara, as she looked in the hospital tape.

As ANGLE approaches from behind...

ANNA MORGAN (O.S.)
Such a pretty day, Samara...

The girl doesn't turn around...

ANNA MORGAN (O.S.) (cont'd)
Such a pretty place... and such a pretty, pretty day--

AS SUDDENLY A SHEET OF BLACK PLASTIC

ENVELOPS her. She struggles, impressions of her arms and face stretching the material--

--as MOTION SPEEDS UP to match the "Shuddering Figure" image from the videotape--

AS POV SHIFTS ERRATICALLY

--jumping between the girl and Anna Morgan, back and forth--

--as panicked Anna STUMBLE-DRAGS her to the well, scanning for witnesses, tugging the plastic to stifle her CRIES. She snatches a rock and BASHES Samara's skull, over and over--

ANNA MORGAN (cont'd)
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, Mommy's sorry, Mommy's sorry--

--and then dumps her body over the side, hanging onto an edge of the plastic so it unfurls--

--sending the girl in the white dress PLUMMETING--

ANNA MORGAN (O.S.) (cont'd)
All I ever wanted was you...

142 INTO THE WELL 142

--as ANGLE TUMBLES DOWN the hole, RICOCHETING off the walls, SPLASHING into water, and surfacing to see upward--

142 CONTINUED: 142

--where Anna's weeping silhouette stares down, framed by a circle of intensely white light--

--which wanes into a crescent as the metal cover SCRAPES closed, like a moon passing before the sun.

It's the "eclipse" from the videotape.

As the cover fully blocks the light, a small gap remains. A halo effect...a glowing "ring" of light--

--and there's a child's ECHOING SCREAM--

--as something else covers the well and the "ring" light goes out forever.

143 INT. WELL - RETURN TO PRESENT DAY 143

The ECHO still sounds as Rachel stares up into darkness. Her lantern flickers dimly, breaking her trance. She looks down to her wrist.

There's no hand grasping it. She looks once more at the fingernails in the side of the well...

RACHEL
She was still alive...

And now as the water starts to RIPPLE before her, now wider, now sonorous, disturbed from deep below--

AS A MASS OF BLACK HAIR

floats to the surface beside her...and breaks it...

AS SAMARA RISES

from the depths. Her dripping black hair totally covering her face, in the soaked white dress from so long ago. The hair parts and we see Samara, the child, as she was twenty years ago, looking at Rachel.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I'm sorry...

She holds out her arms to Rachel who hesitates then reaches out and holds the little girl.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I'm here. I'm right here...

143 CONTINUED: 143

We hear the little girl SOB. And now Rachel turns her head toward Samara, kisses her hair...

RACHEL (cont'd)
It's okay now...

And as Rachel reaches up to move the hair out of the child's face, the hair slowly parts, then SLIDES completely off of what we now see is actually...

A CORPSE'S SKULL

The skeletal head of a long-dead little girl. Rachel lets go and jumps back. She looks sadly at the tiny skeleton.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I'm so sorry...

143 CONTINUED: (2) 143

A moment of total stillness.

NOAH
RACHEL!

Rachel strangely looks up--

145 INT. WELL/INT. SUBSTRUCTURE 145

--to see Noah's silhouette. The cover is off the well, to show dim light above. Her lantern has gone out.

NOAH
The sun's set! It's past sunset, do you hear me? IT'S PAST SUNSET!
(silence)
Rachel, ARE YOU THERE?!

Rachel regards the corpse in the water, like she's waking from a nightmare.

RACHEL
We're here...

And as he begins to lower the long fire hose, we then...

DISSOLVE TO:

146 EXT. CABIN 12 -- NIGHT 146

Noah walks towards Rachel as medical examiners load a BAG OF REMAINS into the coroner's vehicle.

POLICE DETECTIVE
If we need anything else, we'll give you a call.

Rachel sits quietly.

NOAH
They'll bury her next week.

She doesn't look up. She's looking at her wrist. The burn is gone.

NOAH (cont'd)
It's over...
(sits down next to her)
you okay?

146 CONTINUED: 146

RACHEL
She wanted a child more than anything in the world. How could she have done that? She must have been completely...
(searching for the word)

NOAH
Evil? You talking about the mother... or the child?

They sit silently as the sound of the coroner's vehicle recedes in the distance.

RACHEL
She just wanted to be heard.

Finally she looks at him.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Sometimes children need to cry, or yell. Or draw pictures.
(beat)
I want to go home.

146 CONTINUED: (2) 146

He puts his arm around her.

NOAH
I can't imagine being stuck down in a well all alone like that.
(shakes his head)
How long could you survive?

RACHEL
Seven days.

He looks at her, surprised.

RACHEL (cont'd)
You could last seven days.

147 INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT 147

Dark, late. Aidan lies sleeping as an opening door spills a shaft of light. Then ARMS lift him off the sofa bed -- in his pajamas. The boy doesn't wake.

Rachel looks on...as Noah carries their son from the room.

148 INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT 148

ANGLE close on Aidan's face, sleeping in the back seat. Passing lights throw shadows on his sleeping face. He stirs momentarily, opens his eyes...

...and sees two HANDS HOLDING, in the space between the front seats. Resting in the silence.

Aidan smiles dreamily. His eyes fall shut again. He sleeps.

149 INT. AIDAN'S BEDROOM 149

Where he's tucked into bed by Rachel -- with a kiss on his forehead -- his drawings on the walls around him.

150 EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE 150

She emerges to rejoin Noah, who sits on the hood of his car. Both of them look wrecked. A silent moment.

150 CONTINUED: 150

NOAH
Call me sometime, would you? Whenever. Just for no reason, even, I want you to call.
(beat)
Unless you're renting a movie.

Rachel smiles tiredly.

NOAH (cont'd)
Call me tomorrow, okay?

Rachel nods. He steps closer and kisses her forehead.

NOAH (cont'd)
And the day after that.

A150 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT A150 *

As Rachel stands under a hot shower, eyes shut tight as she washes the dirt from her body. She opens her eyes, watches the brown water circle and go down the drain. * * *

151 INT. AIDAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 151

Rachel climbs into bed beside sleeping Aidan, tucking her legs and wrapping arms around him. Holding him tightly and shutting her eyes...never to let go.

Beside them, taped to the wall, is Aidan's school drawing of Katie. Lying in a white dress, eyes shut, on a raised bed of flowers. Some birds in the air, bringing more flora to her final resting place.

The girl in the drawing wears a smile. At peace.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

152 INT. AIDAN'S BEDROOM - DAWN 152

Sunlight streams in a window. Rachel and Aidan still lie asleep. Some traffic NOISE outside opens Aidan's eyes. He rubs them, sees his mother in bed beside him. He's still half asleep as...

AIDAN
Rachel?

152 CONTINUED: 152

RACHEL
Mmm.

AIDAN
What time is it?

RACHEL
It's either really late or really really early depending on how you look at it.

AIDAN
Don't you have to go to work?

RACHEL
(beat)
Not today.

153 INT. NOAH'S LOFT - DAWN 153

As Noah comes in and slumps down on the couch, looks at the clock and groans at the hour. He looks over at his BED. Then he turns and looks the other way at the COFFEEMAKER. He makes a decision, sighs, and gets up and walks over to the Coffeemaker.

A153 INT. RACHEL'S TOWNHOUSE - SAME A153

Rachela and Aidan lying there. He's still half-asleep as he asks...

AIDAN
What happened to the girl?

RACHEL
(drifting off)
Samara.

AIDAN
Is that her name?

RACHEL
M-hmm...

AIDAN
Is she still in the dark place?

RACHEL
No.
(then)
We set her free.

A153 CONTINUED: A153

And now Aidan sits up, suddenly anxious.

AIDAN
You helped her?

RACHEL
Yes, we--

He shakes his mother...

AIDAN
Why did you do that?! Why did you help her?!

A153 CONTINUED: (2) A153

RACHEL
Aidan, what's wrong?

He starts pounding on Rachel...

AIDAN
You weren't supposed to help her!

RACHEL
It's okay.
(takes his hands)
She's not gonna hurt you. She--

She sees something on his wrist and stops. She then gently pulls up his pajama sleeve so that we now see A HANDPRINT, BURNED INTO THE SKIN. And we now... *

CUT TO: *

B153 SAMARA B153 *

Hair in her face, talking to the Doctor... *

SAMARA *
I love my Mommy... *

DOCTOR (O.S.) *
Yes, you do. But you don't want to *
hurt her anymore, do you? You don't
want to hurt anybody, do you?

SAMARA *
But I do. And I'm sorry... *
(raises her head) *
It won't stop. *

CUT TO: *

C153 AIDAN C153 *

As he looks up at his mother... *

AIDAN
Don't you understand? *
(then) *
She never sleeps. *

D153 INT. NOAH'S LOFT - SAME D153

As Noah picks up his coffee cup, not noticing it's left a WET RING on the papers beneath. He heads for his darkroom as we hear...

D153 CONTINUED: D153

A POP OF STATIC from the unseen side of the room. A steady HISS. Noah frowns. steps around some shelves to see--

D153 CONTINUED: (2) D153

HIS TELEVISION IS ON

tuned to WHITE NOISE. Noah walks over, turns it off at the set. It fizzles black again.

Noah walks back toward his desk, wary now--

AND IT POPS ON AGAIN

The static HISS louder now. Noah spins, alarmed. And suddenly his phone RINGS. He spins back--

--and then settles. Sets his jaw, suspicious.

154 INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - SAME 154

Rachel's on her cell, Aidan standing right beside her.

RACHEL
Pick up the phone, Noah, pick up the phone...

155 INT. NOAH'S LOFT 155

Noah ignores the RINGING phone for the moment, storming back to his TV. Shutting it off for the second time.

He then marches for his desk to grab the phone--

AND THE TV POPS ON AGAIN

--but this time not to static.

V155 This time, it's the "eclipse" image from the videotape. The tape's final image follows: The stone mound. It's the Well. With the familiar sound of whisper-keening...

155 Noah stops in his tracks. Turns. 155

156 EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE 156

Rachel drives out of her garage, her phone still at her ear...

RACHEL
Pick up the phone, Noah!

157 INT. NOAH'S LOFT 157

Noah is stock-still, forty feet from the television. His phone's still RINGING.

157 CONTINUED: 157

On TV, the well's metal cover starts to SLIDE OFF. The image is not "ending" this time. It's continuing...

Noah's eyes widen.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Noah!

158 EXT. STREET - SAME 158

As Rachel runs to the end of her block where she can see to the brick industrial buildings near the harbor, with Noah's among them.

RACHEL
PICK UP THE GODDAMN PHONE!

159 INT. NOAH'S LOFT 159

V159 On TV, two PALE HANDS grasp the top of the well...pulling into view a bony FIGURE in a white dress, her long black tangled hair obscuring her face. V159

It's Samara.

She crawls awkwardly out of the well, down the stone and onto the ground. She STUTTER-CRAWLS, like a spider moving forward-in-reverse. A human form, but inhuman movements...

159 Noah's rooted to the spot. 159

V159 Samara's crawling forward. Steadily toward "camera" -- toward the source of the locked-off image. V159

The WHISPER-KEENING's getting louder.

Samara closes in, filling the frame on TV. Her nail-less claws feel around frame as if exploring the "camera"--

159 AS WATER STARTS TRICKLING 159

from SEAMS in the television. Steady drips come from cracks between panels, between image-glass and plastic housing--

AND WATER RISES UNDERFOOT

BURBLING up from between the floorboards of Noah's loft. TRICKLING up to SURROUND his bare feet...

AS SAMARA CRAWLS OUT OF THE TELEVISION

159 CONTINUED: 159

Literally pulling herself from the picture-glass, grappling INTO REALITY, spider-crawling onto Noah's floor.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (2) 159

Noah takes a catatonic step back. His phone still ringing.

Samara CRAWLS toward him, stuttering in inhuman movements, her soaked dress and hair dragging--

--as Noah retreats now, pushing a chair in her path, then a whole shelf of equipment. Samara CRAWLS over it, staggering toward a balance on two-feet--

--as he's backed to the desk with the ringing phone. Shaking with absolute horror as Samara RISES to her full height, dress and hair DRIPPING, the KEENING no longer a whisper, but a SHRILL SCREAM--

NOAH
No...no--

AS THE FILM ITSELF WOBBLES

--a STUTTER-SHIMMY like our very projector has lost hold--

--as with SUDDEN, IMPOSSIBLE JUMP-CUTS -- she covers the distance to him in a savage instant and BLACKS OUT FRAME.

160 INT. WAREHOUSE ELEVATOR - SAME 160

Rachel's in the freight elevator, listening to her ringing and ringing cell -- and as she reaches Noah's floor--

--the ringing <u>stops</u>.

Rachel stills. Then throws open the elevator gates.

The door to Noah's loft waits at the end of the hall.

There's WATER running under it. A spreading watery pool. Water drips from the keyhole, trickles from top-frame.

The WHISPER-KEENING, low again, is behind the door.

Rachel stands still, breathless.

And starts for the door.

She picks up speed, dropping the phone, running now, racing now...and reaching it, splashing water, throwing open the door to see--

161 INT. NOAH'S LOFT 161

Stillness. A film of water underfoot as if pipes have burst. Furniture upturned.

161 CONTINUED: 161

And a television tuned to STATIC.

There's an oversized chair facing it. There's a figure seated. A man's figure. Bare, wet feet.

Rachel trembles toward the chair. She reaches it and turns it to face her as she opens her mouth to scream, but no sound comes. We then...

CUT TO:

162 INT. WAREHOUSE ENTRY - DAY 162

The freight elevator CLICK-CLANGS the dark shaft. Rachel rides in shadow, weeping freely, falling apart...

RACHEL
What did I do? What did I do...

She reaches ground. Slides open the entry gate -- as a FIGURE's unlocking the outside door. On instinct, Rachel slips into a recessed part of the hall--

--and stays hidden as Beth sashays in, headphones on. Strides to the elevator, shuts the gate, and heads up.

In the shadows, Rachel guiltily waits till the click-clangs recede. Then runs for daylight.

163 EXT. SEATTLE STREET - DAY 163

As Rachel runs for home.

164 INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - DAY 164

Aidan stands in the middle of the room as she blows back inside. She stares at him.

RACHEL
Aidan...

Rachel searches the room wildly -- gaze settling on the hearth. She grabs her purse, pulls the "ring" tape from it -- and falls to her knees.

She clutches it before her, with a hissing whisper...

164 CONTINUED: 164

RACHEL (cont'd)
What are we supposed to do? What does she want?

The tape rests silent in her hands...

RACHEL (cont'd)
What do you WANT!

...and now the fury comes. BASH! Rachel BATTERS it against the stone. Again. The casing CRACKS.

Rachel cries out, BLUDGEONING it until the plastic splits into shards. She RIPS OUT the tape ribbon, unspooling in handfuls, yanking free every last inch--

--and stuffing it into the hearth: a pile of looping black plastic. She turns a dial and gas jets IGNITE. Her faux fireplace blazes and the video-spaghetti catches FIRE.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Why not me...

Her shaking slows, all the fight now out of her.

RACHEL (cont'd)
What did I do that Noah didn't...

She turns away from the fire, slumps seated. Notes the broken casing before her. The etched "ring."

AIDAN
What about this one?

Slowly, so slowly, her head turns. To the credenza in the corner. Where another tape gathers dust beneath. The tape she threw there...labeled "COPY." Aidan pulls it out and holds it up for her.

It's the tape she made. The copy she brought into the world. She and Aidan crouch down in front of the TV...

RACHEL
I made a copy.

She looks at Aidan.

RACHEL (cont'd)
And then I showed it to Noah...

165 OMITTED 165

166 INT. NEWSROOM MEDIA BAY - DAY 166

CLOSE ON a woman's hand guiding a little boy's to feed a BLANK TAPE into a VCR.

CLOSE ON the woman's hand helping the boy's hand to press a red RECORD button emblazoned with square-and-arrow.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: RACHEL AND AIDAN

Watching as the the copy is made...

AIDAN
We have to show it someone else.

RACHEL
Don't worry, sweetie, you're gonna be okay.

AIDAN
What about the person we show it to?

She stares at the machine as he asks the inevitable:

AIDAN (cont'd)
What happens to them?

Rachel doesn't have an answer. *

AIDAN (cont'd) *
It's going to keep going, isn't it? *
She'll never stop. *

As we PUSH IN ON RACHEL'S PENSIVE FACE, WE THEN...

167 THRU 171 OMITTED 167 THRU 171

CUT TO:

172 A PRISON DOOR SLIDING SHUT 172 *

With a loud, booming CLANG. We see Edward, the serial arsonist sitting at the table. He's watching the tape.

EDWARD
Cool.

The tape ends and Edward looks to where...

172 CONTINUED: 172

RACHEL

Stands in the corner of the room.

EDWARD (cont'd)
I like it. Especially the part with the tree.

172 CONTINUED: (2) 172

RACHEL
I thought you might.

She walks to the door. *

172 CONTINUED: (3) 172

RACHEL (cont'd)
Just a little Thank You for the Exclusive you gave me last week.
(calls)
Guard!

EDWARD
What am I supposed to do with it?

She turns, sees him pop the tape from the VCR. She shrugs. *

RACHEL
I don't know. Burn it. *

The guard slides open the door and she steps out. We hear A CELLPHONE RING and Edward picks it up off the table... *

EDWARD
Hey, you forgot your phone.

She pauses, looks back at him.

RACHEL
It's for you.

And as the door is slammed shut, we then...

CUT TO:

173 BLACK 173